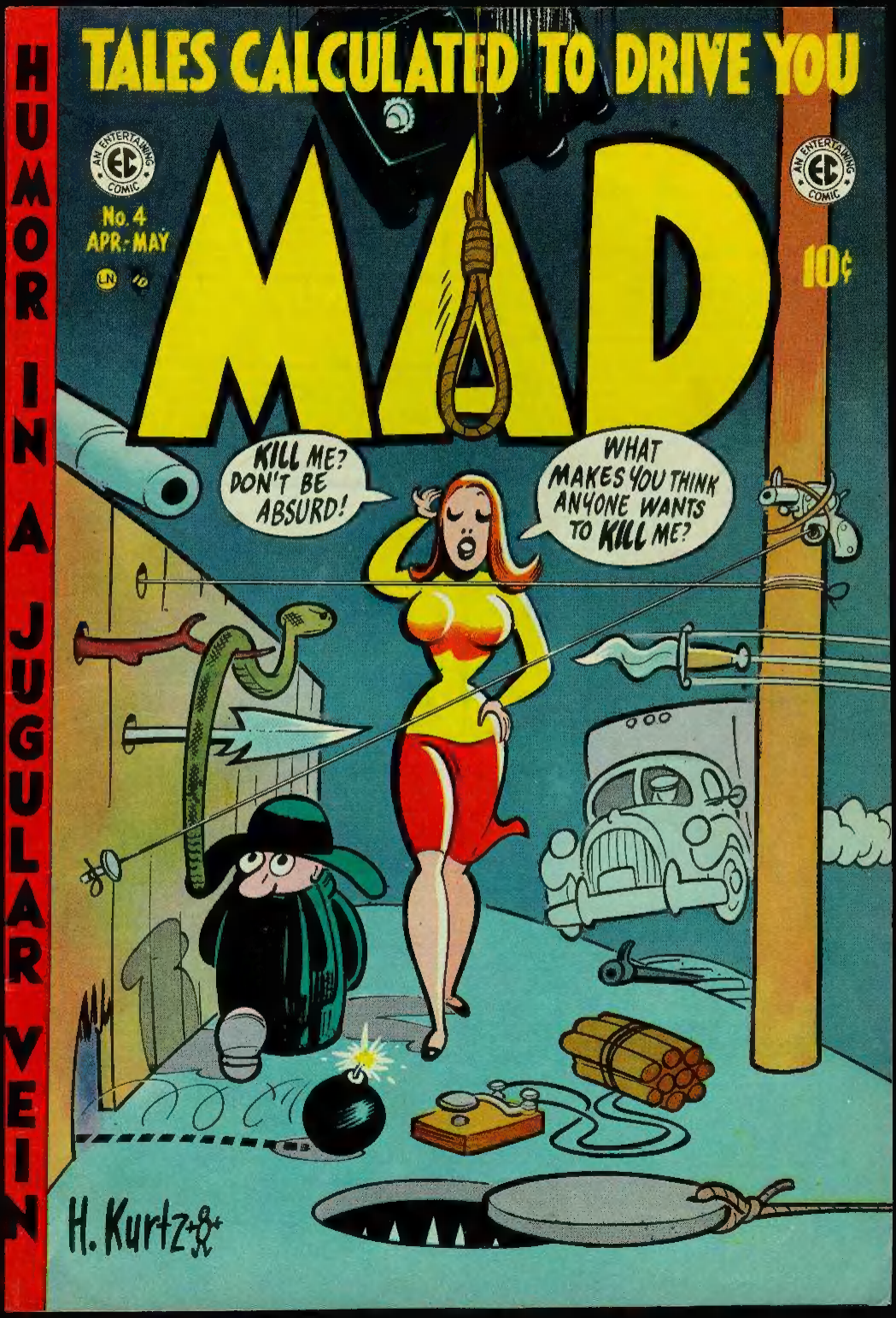
HUMOR IN A JUGULAR VEIN
TALES CALCULATED TO DRIVE YOU
MAD
AN ENTERTAINING COMIC
No. 4
APR.-MAY
10¢
KILL ME? DON'T BE ABSURD!
WHAT MAKES YOU THINK ANYONE WANTS TO KILL ME?
H. Kurtz

MAD MUMBLINGS

Dear Editors,

Why not have a letter page? MAD No. 2 had nothing!

Jimmy Phelan
Brooklyn, N. Y.

We will, Jimmy, from now on. MAD No. 2 had no letter page because at the time the mag went to the engravers, MAD No. 1 had not yet hit the stands . . . therefore no mail!—editors.

Dear Editors,

You ask for it, and Brotherrrr! you are going to get it. Educational, entertaining, humorous? No. Your "brain-child" is none of these. In fact, it is plain rot. If my brains had so little to offer, I would blow them out if I could find them. We have four boys bringing in so-called "funny books," and I usually glance over them to weed out those that are downright detrimental, and have found some disgusting books. But never one that seemed to have no purpose or excuse for going on, than this one of yours. When will editors and publishers get over the idea that the public are morons, and not capable of understanding good literature? I consider it an insult to children to put out such trash for the feeding of the mind. My neighbors agree with me on this, and I hope many parents will be as frank as I have been in answering your request for criticism. Television programs are bad enough, but one can turn them off and forget it. The ash-heap for MAD.

Mrs. C. Peterson
Oakland, Calif.

. . . I am a university student (UCLA) and usually restrict my selection of comic books to the intellectual comics (i.e. Pogo, Little Lulu), but the cover of MAD caught my eye the other day. I bought a copy and was very pleased with the contents. Your merciless spoofing of horror, future, and crime comics was as welcome as Airwick in the packing house district. I strongly urge you to continue publication of this comic . . . Still don't understand your weird subscription rates . . . six issues for 75c . . . when a discount is usually given on subscriptions. I am enclosing one buck, however, for six issues, since I don't have any quarters handy. With your set-up, this will probably entitle me to only four issues.

Martin McReynolds
Los Angeles, Calif.

Reader McReynolds will be surprised to get his 25c change! Our rates for subscriptions are higher than single copy rates as we mail each mag out in a strong manila envelope to assure its arrival in good condition! We offer subscriptions only as a SERVICE . . . we LOSE a little money on the deal!—ed.

Dear Editors,

The copy of Mad No. 2 arrived about 2 P.M. This thing is positively priceless. I was under the impression that the first issue was something of a classic. I was wrong! This issue reached a high that I shamefacedly admit I didn't think even E.C. capable of reaching. I know why I'm crazy over MAD. I know why I'm crazy period.

Larry Stark
New Brunswick, N. J.

. . . Why is it that you are the only mag in the world my mother will read?

Melvyn Davees
Dunn, N. C.

. . . If I created a "dream" comic, it would come out like MAD. I'm in Korea, and we don't get much reading material. I really think you have a fine comic here, and I hope I never miss a copy.

A/3c Angelo T. Boni
c/o P.M., San Fran., Calif.

. . . This issue of MAD is beyond words. We especially like the drawings by Wood. Keep up the good work.

Cadet Pvt. Paul Isaacs
Gainsville, Ga.

. . . Tell me where I can get one of those cute little things that Glarf brought to earth with him in "Gookum" (Mad No. 2).

Carole Luis
N. Y. C.

At any Martian pet-shop for 40 shmetniks!—ed.

Before closing, in answer to complaints from many readers, a few words about the unavailability of MAD and other E.C. mags on the newsstands! As we've mentioned previously, there are over 500 different comic mags being published. The wholesalers are jammed up, and the retailers simply cannot properly handle this impossible number of titles. Consequently, in desperation, many newsdealers are returning bundle after bundle of comic mags to their wholesalers UNOPENED! Some of these bundles contain said newsdealers' quotas of E.C.'s . . . this makes it next to impossible for you to obtain your copy, and at the same time makes it next to impossible for us to sell magazines! ASK YOUR NEWSDEALER TO MAKE SURE TO DISPLAY HIS QUOTA OF E.C. MAGAZINES. IF HE DOES NOT HAVE ANY, ASK HIM TO ORDER THEM FROM HIS WHOLESALER. HIS WHOLESALER HAS THEM!

Please keep writing, suggesting, criticizing, etc. The address for mail or subscription orders (75c for 6 issues!) is:

Mad Editors
Room 706, Dept. 4
225 Lafayette St.
N. Y. C. 12, N. Y.

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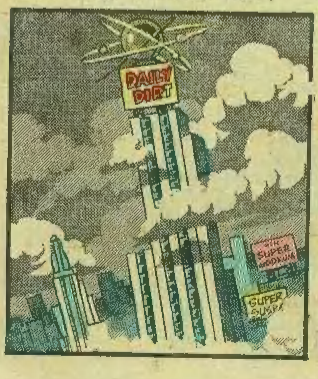
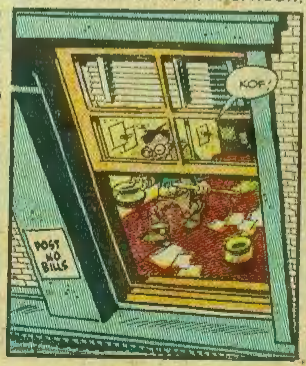
HERO WORSHIP DEPT: FASTER THAN A SPEEDING BULLET! KA-PWEENS! MORE POWERFUL THAN A LOCOMOTIVE! ... CHUGACHUGACHUGA CHUG! ABLE TO LEAP TALL BUILDINGS IN A SINGLE BOUND!... BOINNGSWOOOSH!... LOOK!... UP IN THE SKY!... IT'S A BIRD!... IT'S A PLANE!... IT'S...

SUPERDUPERMAN!

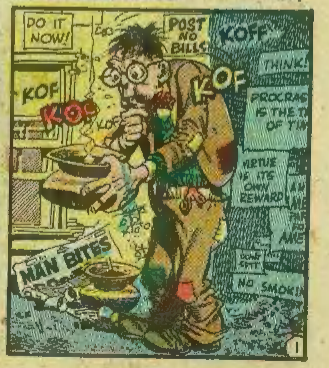
OUR STORY BEGINS HIGH UP IN THE OFFICES OF THAT FIGHTING NEWSPAPER, 'THE DAILY DIRT'!



AN INCREDIBLY MISERABLE AND EMACIATED LOOKING FIGURE SHUFFLES FROM SPITOON TO SPITOON!



FOR THIS IS THE ASSISTANT TO THE COPY BOY... CLARK BENT, WHO IS IN REALITY, SUPERDUPERMAN!



LITTLE DO THOSE LADIES IN THE POWDER ROOM ACROSS THE HALL KNOW THAT I AM IN REALITY SUPERDUPERMAN, FASTER THAN A SPEEDING BULLET... KAPWEENG... WITH LI'L OL' X-RAY VISION!
ASSISTANT COPY BOY!
COMING, SIR! ON THE DOUBLE, SIR! CLARK BENT, ASSISTANT TO THE COPY BOY, ALL PRESENT AND ACCOUNTED FOR, SIR!
KOF
BLAST IT ALL, MAN! HOW MANY TIMES HAVE I TOLD YOU TO SALUTE WITH YOUR RIGHT HAND!
BLIK
SODDY, YOU MISERABLE OL' WRETCH! LOST MY TEMPER! COPY BOY WORK DOES THINGS TO A MAN!... COME ON! SNAP TO! COME ON, BOY!
JOHN J. MUNZELMEYER
SMEK SMEK! SMEK
I'LL TELL YOU WHY I CALLED YOU, OLD MAN! IT'S PAYROLL TIME! HERE ARE YOUR WEEK'S WAGES! SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS, AND A GOOD BUS TOKEN! SPEND IT WISELY! ... DISMISSED!
GASP. KOFF!
SEVENTY-FIVE WHOLE CENTS! AT LAST! AFTER SCRIMPING AND SAVING MY EARNINGS FOR 10 YEARS, I NOW HAVE A THOUSAND DOLLARS ... ENOUGH TO MAKE A DOWN PAYMENT ON THAT PEARL NECKLACE FOR LOIS PAIN, GIRL REPORTER!
WELL... HERE I AM WITH THE PEARL NECKLACE! LOIS SAYS I'M A CREEP! HAH, BOY! IF SHE KNEW MY REAL IDENTITY, BOY, SHE WOULDN'T CALL ME A CREEP!... OOP! THERE'S LOIS AT A BIG MEETING WITH THE MANAGING EDITOR!
EDITOR
KNOCK!

LISTEN, GANG! A BIG STORY IS ABOUT TO BREAK! THE 'UNKNOWN MONSTER' HAS BEEN TERRORIZING COSMOPOLIS FOR MONTHS, AND THE POLICE ARE HELPLESS! THIS MORNING THE D.A. GOT A LETTER FROM THE 'UNKNOWN MONSTER'!
W. TWITCHELL
TRASH

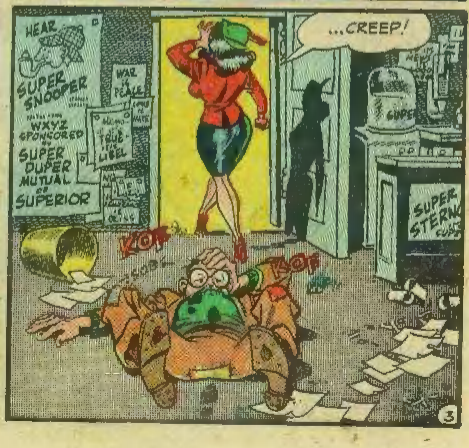
THE 'UNKNOWN MONSTER' HAS ANNOUNCED WHEN AND WHERE HE WILL STRIKE! THIS STORY IS HOT, BOY... HOT... HOT! I WANT YOU TO GO OUT THERE, GANG! I WANT YOU TO FIGHT, I WANT YOU TO DIE, FOR GOOD OL' DAILY DIRT, GANG! NOW GET THAT STORY, GANG!
PSST! LOIS!

WHATAYA WANT, YOU INCREDIBLY WRETCHED OL' CREEP?
PLEASE! PLEASE DON'T CHASE ME, PLEASE! I GOT A PRESENT FOR YOU! PLEASE!
PLEASE... HUH? PLEASE...
TRASH

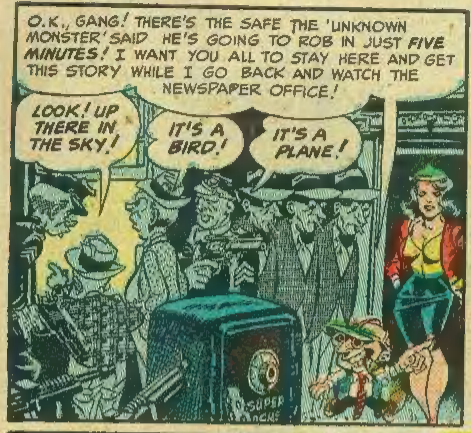
YAWN! ANOTHER PEARL NECKLACE! WAD DIT SET YOU BACK, CREEP?
PLEASE! PLEASE! I SPENT MY LIFE'S SAVINGS! PLEASE!

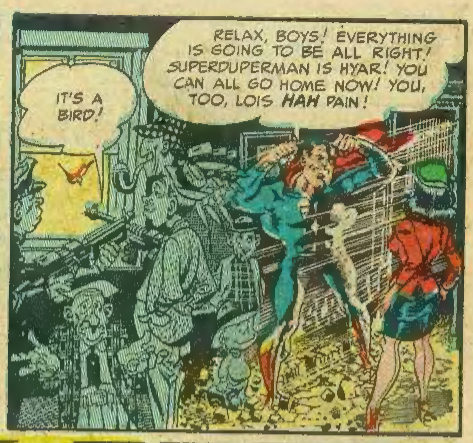
THANKS, CREEP! NOW GO AWAY, BOY! YOU BOTHER ME!
PLEASE! CAN I STAND HERE AND SMELL YOUR PERFUME FOR A MINUTE? PLEASE! PLEASE!

TWO SNIFFS IS ENOUGH! NOW GET OUT THE WAY, BOY! I'VE GOT TO GO AND GET A STORY ON THE 'UNKNOWN MONSTER' FOR GOOD OL' 'DAILY DIRT'!
PLEASE! PLEASE!
SPENCER THE CENSOR
BAF


...CREEP!
HEAR
SUPER SNOOPER
WAR TRIAL
WXYZ SPONSORED BY SUPER DUPER MUTUAL OF SUPERIOR
TRUE-LIFE LIBEL
SUPER STERN
KOF
KOF

HA, BOY! SHE SHOULD ONLY KNOW I'M MORE POWERFUL THAN A LOCOMOTIVE! CHUGA-CHUGACHUG!... HAH!
KOF
KOF
KOF
KOF
THE 'UNKNOWN MONSTER', EH! THIS IS A JOB FOR SUPER-DUPERMAN!... I'LL JUST GO INTO THIS PHONE BOOTH...
...AND CHANGE INTO MY COSTUME...
EEK!
TELEPHONE
FOR RENT
DRAT! FOOL PHONE BOOTH IS OCCUPIED! THIS ASSISTANT COPY BOY ROUTINE IS KILLING MY OL' X-RAY VISION!
TELEPHONE
HERE'S ANOTHER PHONE BOOTH! NOW, I'LL JUST TAKE OFF MY SHIRT... SWEATER... UNDERSHIRT... KNICKERS... T-SHIRT... VEST... SWIM TRUNKS... BRUSH MY TEETH ... WASH MY FEET... AND STAND REVEALED AS...
SUPERDUPERMAN!
BOINK!
BOINK!
BDOINK!
NOW... TO THE WINDOW... ON TO THE SILL... UP ...UP AND
AWAAAAAA
CRUNCH
CRAGH!
CRUNCH


O.K., GANG! THERE'S THE SAFE THE 'UNKNOWN MONSTER' SAID HE'S GOING TO ROB IN JUST FIVE MINUTES! I WANT YOU ALL TO STAY HERE AND GET THIS STORY WHILE I GO BACK AND WATCH THE NEWSPAPER OFFICE!
LOOK! UP THERE IN THE SKY!
IT'S A BIRD!
IT'S A PLANE!
SUPER ANCHE


IT'S A BIRD!
RELAX, BOYS! EVERYTHING IS GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT! SUPERDUPERMAN IS HYAR! YOU CAN ALL GO HOME NOW! YOU, TOO, LOIS HAH PAIN!

HEY! YOU! BILLY SPAFON, BOY REPORTER! DIDN'T YOU HEAR ME, BOY? YOU CAN GO HOME! AMSCRAY! AGITATE THE GRAVEL! HIT THE ROAD! STRIKE THE PAVEMENT!... GET IT?
SHAZOOM!

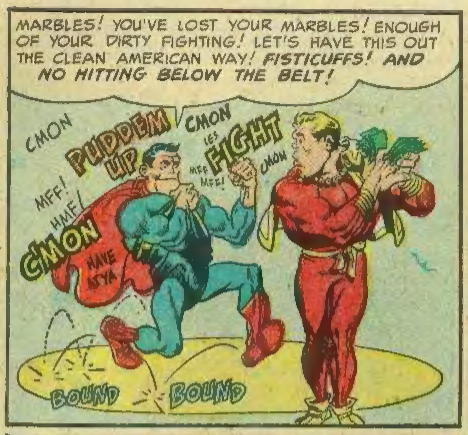
SHAZOOM? VAS IST DAS SHAZOOM?
STRENGTH
HEALTH
APTITUDE
ZEAL
OX, POWER OF
OX, POWER OF ANOTHER
MONEY!
ZIP!
PFUI!
ZZIT!
HAD CRACKLE
POF!

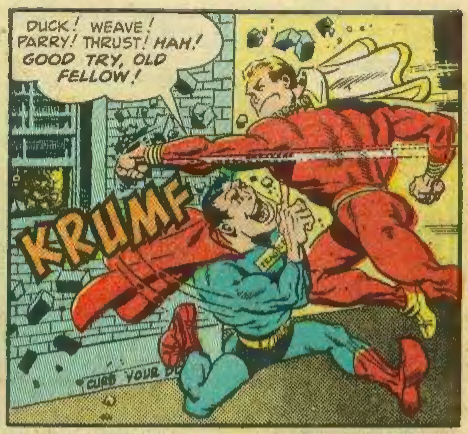
WHAT HAPPENED TO BILLY SPAFON, BOY REPORTER?
HE HAS BEEN REPLACED BY ME, CAPTAIN MARBLES! I AM THE 'UNKNOWN MONSTER'!

YOU? CAPTAIN MARBLES? HAVE TURNED RENEGADE? TAKE THAT!
KLANK!
FOR RENT

PASTAFAZOOLA! I GAVE HIM A BLOW HARD ENOUGH TO SLAY A THOUSAND ELEPHANTS!
HO-HUM! DID YOU FEEL A BREEZE JUST THEN?... JUST REMEMBER, SUPER-DUPE OLD MAN, I AM AS INVINCIBLE AS THOU!
100% WOOL

WELL! LIVE AND LET LIVE, I ALWAYS SAY!... JUST DON'T PAY ANY ATTENTION TO ME, OL' MAN! ♪ LA-TE-TYA! ♫
LISTEN, SUPERDUPE! COME ON OFF YOUR HIGH HORSE!
LAA-TE-TEE ♫ I THINK I'LL LIFT THIS SAFE UP HERE... GOT TO KEEP IN SHAPE... ♪ LA DEEYOO ♫
TAKE A TIP FROM ME! I WAS LIKE YOU ONCE, KNOCKING MYSELF OUT TO FIGHT CRIME!
ED
♫ LEELOO! JUST STAND RIGHT THERE... HUMM HUMM ♫ MY BUDDY ♪ MY BUDDY ♪...
HAH!
ONE DAY WHILE I WAS PUNCHING MY WAY THROUGH A MOUNTAIN...
BASH!
...PUNCHING MY WAY THROUGH THIS MOUNTAIN TO CAPTURE A GANG OF INTERNATIONAL JEWEL THIEVES! SUDDENLY IT HIT ME! WHY AM I PUNCHING MY WAY THROUGH THIS MOUNTAIN?
I GOT TALENT! NOT EVERYONE CAN PUNCH THEIR WAY THROUGH A MOUNTAIN! ESPECIALLY WITH THEIR HEAD!
♫ JUST KEEP STANDING RIGHT THERE... NO BUDDY QUITE SO TRO-O-O-O... ♪ ♫
...SO WHAT WAS I DOING PUNCHING MY WAY THROUGH A MOUNTAIN? DO I GET PAY?... TIME AND A HALF FOR OVER-TIME?... WHAT ABOUT EXPENSES FOR UNIFORMS... CLEANING AND PRESSING!... WHAT ABOUT BAND-AIDS?
VLA DA BALOWM!
...TO SAY NOTHING OF TAKING PEOPLE OUT TO LUNCHES! TO HECK WITH THIS CAPTAIN MARBLES GIMMICK! THE ONLY IMPORTANT THING IS THE GOOD OL' DO, RE, MI... LETTUCE... KALE... SHEKELS... GET IT? CASH!
6

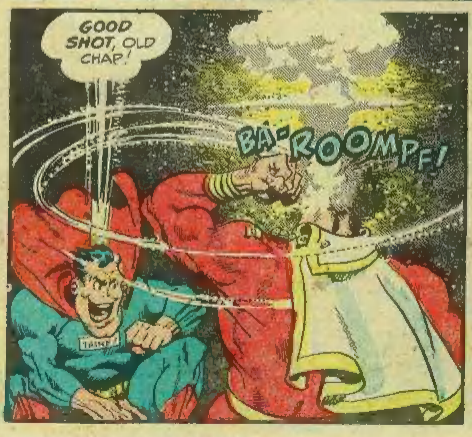

MARBLES! YOU'VE LOST YOUR MARBLES! ENOUGH OF YOUR DIRTY FIGHTING! LET'S HAVE THIS OUT THE CLEAN AMERICAN WAY! FISTICUFFS! AND NO HITTING BELOW THE BELT!
CMON
PUDDEM UP
CMON
LET'S FIGHT
MFF!
HMF!
CMON
HAVE AT YA
BOUND
BOUND

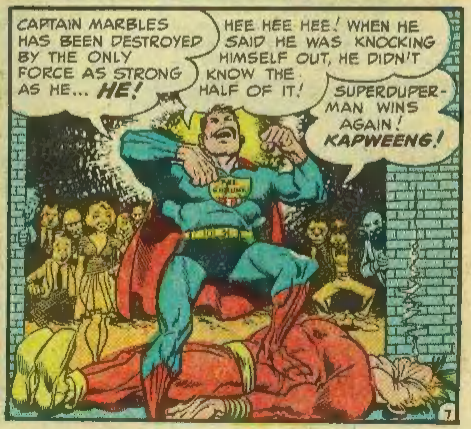

DUCK! WEAVE! PARRY! THRUST! HAH! GOOD TRY, OLD FELLOW!
KRUMF

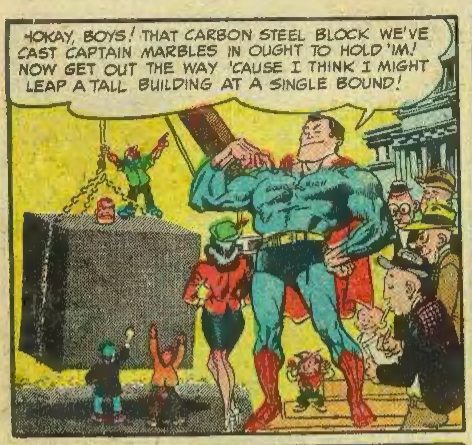
NOW AN IMMELMAN TURN AND A LUF-BERRY CIRCLE...
...OOHOO, MARBLES! OVER HERE!
ZIP
KAPWEENGGG

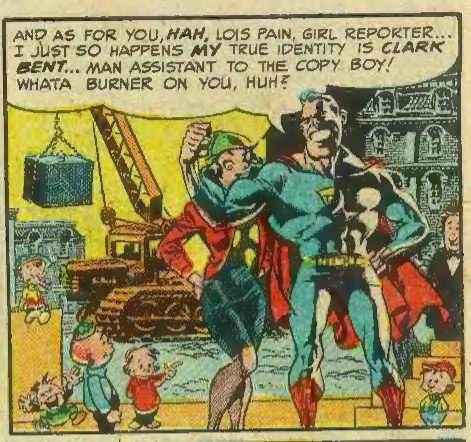
GOOD TRY, OLD MAN!
BOOM
ZIP

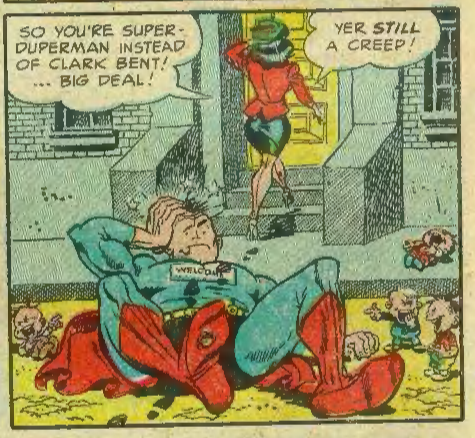
...NOW A WALTZ ...A MOMBO AND A HULA...
...OOHOO, MARBLES!


GOOD SHOT, OLD CHAP!
BA-ROOMPF!

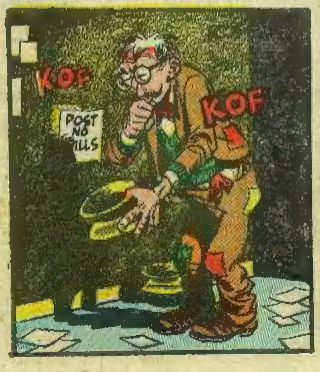

CAPTAIN MARBLES HAS BEEN DESTROYED BY THE ONLY FORCE AS STRONG AS HE... HE!
HEE HEE HEE! WHEN HE SAID HE WAS KNOCKING HIMSELF OUT, HE DIDN'T KNOW THE HALF OF IT!
SUPERDUPER-MAN WINS AGAIN! KAPWEENG!



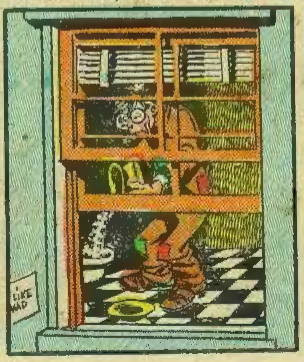




UP IN THE FIGHTING NEWSPAPER OFFICE OF THE 'DAILY DIRT... GOING FROM SPITOON TO SPITOON...



...SHUFFLES AN INCREDIBLY WRETCHED AND MISERABLE LOOKING CREEP... CLARK BENT, ASSISTANT COPY BOY...



WHO IS IN REALITY, SUPERDUPERMAN! SO WHAT DOES IT ALL PROVE? IT PROVES ONCE A CREEP, ALWAYS A CREEP!

ROMANCE DEPT: RAMONA SNARFLE WAS A TYPICAL AMERICAN GIRL WHO HAD TO CHOOSE BETWEEN TWO MEN AND DIDN'T KNOW THE ANSWER! WHAT WOULD *YOU* DO IF *YOU* HAD TO CHOOSE BETWEEN TWO MEN AND DIDN'T KNOW THE ANSWER? READ, THEN, WHAT RAMONA SNARFLE DID WHEN SHE HAD TO CHOOSE BETWEEN TWO MEN, ETC.! *READ*... NOW...

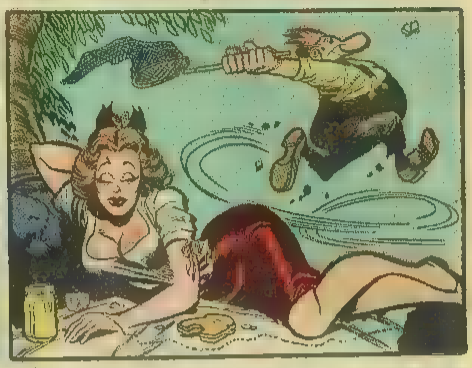
FLOB WAS A SLOB!

EENY MEENY...

MANNY, MOE!

I GREW UP IN A SMALL TOWN... WAS ENGAGED TO MY CHILDHOOD SWEETHEART! CROMWELL WAS EVERYTHING A GIRL COULD EVER WANT! FAITHFUL, LOVING, TRUE...

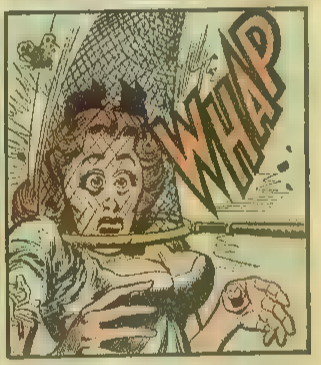
NOBODY COULD WANT A BETTER DOG THAN CROMWELL! THEN THERE WAS MY CHILDHOOD SWEETHEART, ***SHELDON FLOB!*** WE WENT OUT ON PICNICS EVERY SUNDAY!



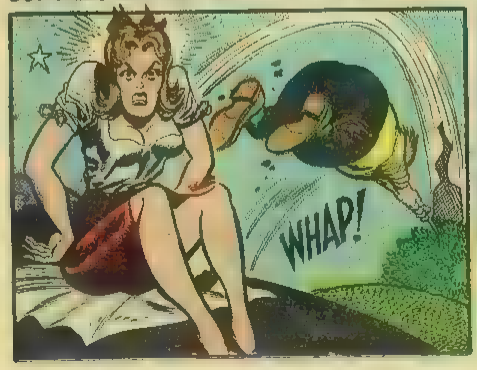
SHELDON WAS A ***SSWELL*** LUG! BUT HE WAS ***SO*** UNROMANTIC! THAT IS WHY I WAS SURPRISED ONE DAY...

...TO FIND SHELDON TIP-TOEING SOFTLY TOWARDS MY RECLINING FIGURE...TIP-TOEING WITH OUTSTRETCHED ARMS!

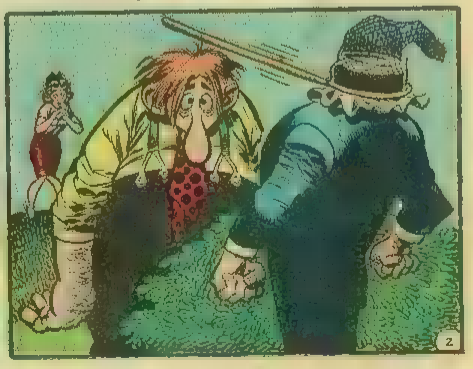
HE BENT CLOSER TO MY HUNGRY LIPS... CLOSER TO MY FLUSHED CHEEKS... ***CLOSER TO MY TREMBLING BODY. THEN...***



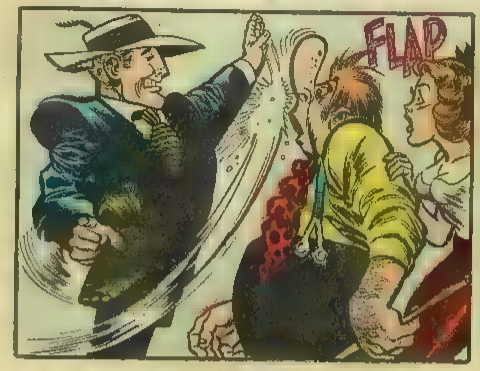
I SUDDENLY REALIZED THAT IT WASN'T ME, SHELDON WAS TRYING TO SNATCH UP IN HIS ARMS! IT WAS A BUTTERFLY THAT HAD PERCHED SILENTLY ON MY HEAD!



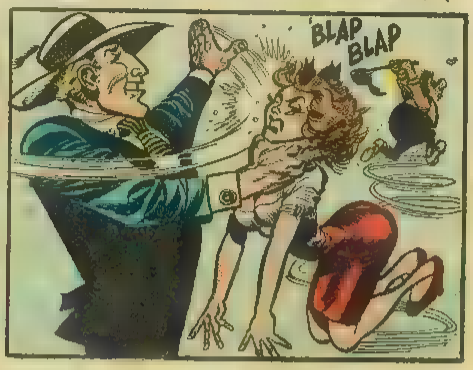
A ***FATAL*** BUTTERFLY THAT FLUTTERED AWAY AND PERCHED ON THE HEAD OF ***ANOTHER!*** AND THEN ***HE*** SNAPPED HIS SNAP-BRIM AWAY, FROM HIS EYES AND I MET... ***HIM!***



RACKSTRAW HIM WAS HIS NAME! I REMEMBER HIS BRONZE SKIN, HIS BRONZE FLECKED EYES, AND HIS FLASHING BRONZE TEETH, AS HE PUSHED PAST MY SHELDON!

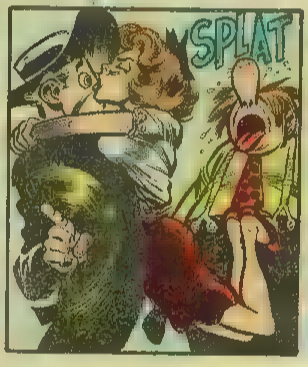


HE GRASPED ME IN HIS STRONG BRONZED FINGERS! HE BROUGHT A RED FLUSH TO MY CHEEKS! HE WAS FRIGHTENING, EXCITING, INTRIGUING... A REAL SLOB!



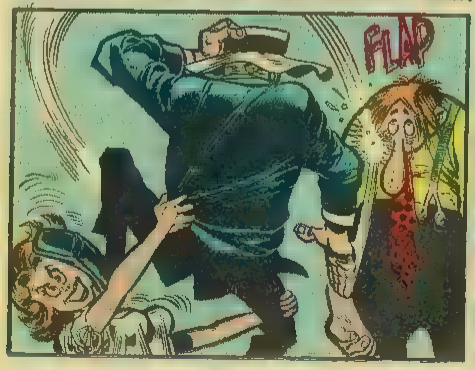
HE CRUSHED ME TO HIM! I FOUGHT LIKE A WILD-CAT, THRASHING AND CLAWING TO RESIST HIS KISSES!

THE WORLD SPUN ABOUT ME! A TINY LITTLE VOICE IN MY EAR SAID, 'COME AWAY... COME AWAY... COME AWAY...

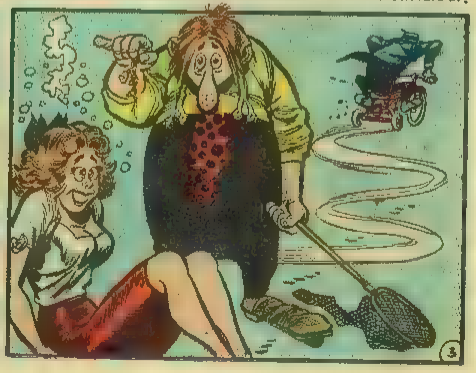


...COME AWAY, CHASE BUTTERFLIES'! BUT MY RESISTANCE HAD COLLAPSED! I FELL LIMP TO RACKSTRAW'S KISSES!

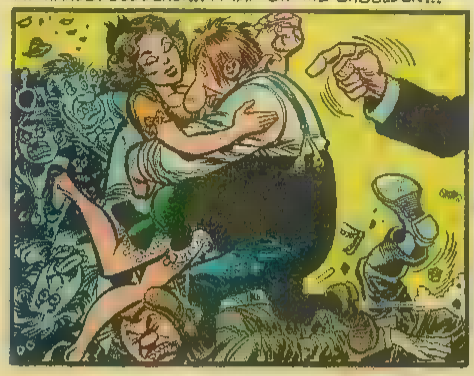
FROM THE CORNER OF MY EYE, I SAW SHELDON! I KNEW HE WAS ANNOYED THAT I HADN'T HELPED HIM CHASE BUTTERFLIES! I ***TORE MYSELF FROM RACKSTRAW'S ARMS!***



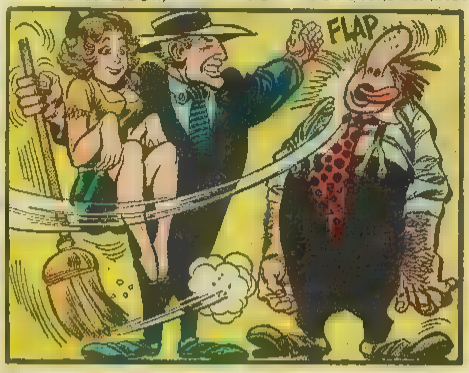
THEN... AS MYSTERIOUSLY AS HE HAD COME, HE RODE MADLY AWAY, AND I WAS ALONE... ALONE WITH SHELDON FLOB, CHILDHOOD SWEETHEART!... ALONE WITH A MASHED BUTTERFLY!



THEN ONE SATURDAY NIGHT, SHELDON TOOK ME DANCING IN THE BIG TOWN! WHEN SHELDON DANCED, HE STEPPED ON MY HANDS! SUDDENLY... A TAP ON THE SHOULDER...

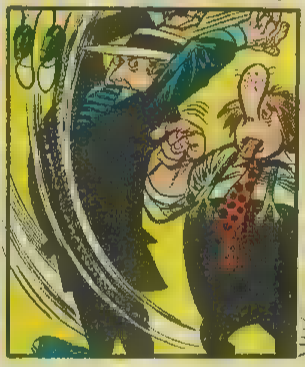


AN ANSWER TO MY DREAMS! IT WAS HIM! HIM! HIM! RACKSTRAW HIM! WHILE HE ELBOWED SHELDON ASIDE WITH HIS BRONZED ELBOW, HE SWEPT ME UP IN HIS OTHER BRONZED HAND!



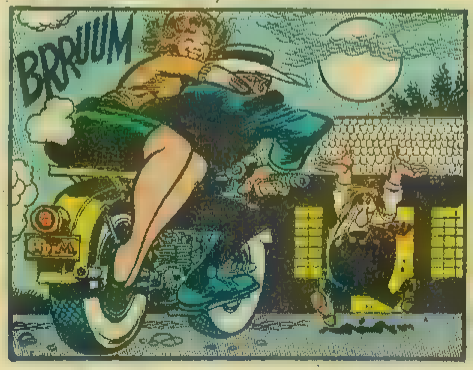
WITH ALL EYES UPON US, WE GLIDED MAJESTICALLY ACROSS THE FLOOR! *NOW I KNEW...IT TAKES TWO TO TANGO!*

WE DIPPED! WE WHIRLED! WE STUMBLED! WE DID DANCE STEPS I NEVER EVEN KNEW EXISTED!

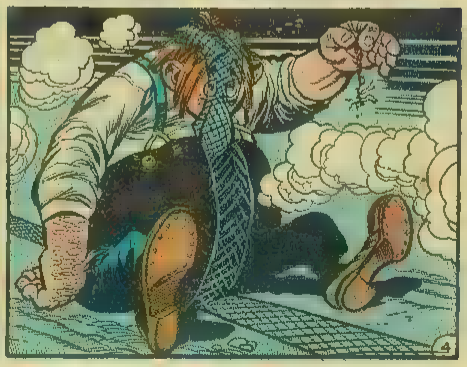


BUT WHEREVER WE WHIRLED, WE WERE FOLLOWED BY THE SAD EYES OF SHELDON! WE YEARNED TO BE ALONE!

I WAS GIDDY! I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT WAS! THE MUSIC? THE CHAMPAGNE? LOVE? THE HARDWOOD FLOOR?... THE NEXT THING I KNEW, I WAS RIDING AWAY!



FROM THE CORNER OF MY EYE I GLIMPSED THE PITIFUL FIGURE OF SHELDON, SITTING IN OUR EXHAUST SMOKE HOLDING OUT A MASHED LITTLE BUTTERFLY TO ME!

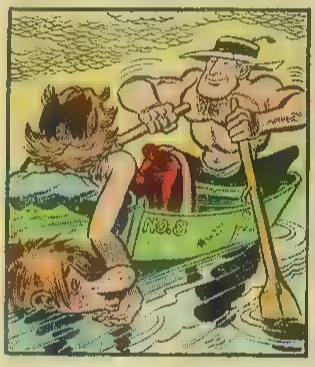


THE NEXT FEW WEEKS WERE MADNESS! FIRST THERE WERE DINNERS! FILET MIGNON! PRESSED DUCK! TRUFFLES! BAGELS!

THEN THERE WAS THE THEATRE WHERE WE SAW DRAMATIC PLAYS, COMEDIES, MUSICALS, A DICK TRACY CHAPTER!

THEN THERE WERE THE COCKTAIL PARTIES WHERE I MET THE WORLD'S GREAT! DIPLOMATS! SCIENTISTS! COMIC BOOK ARTISTS!

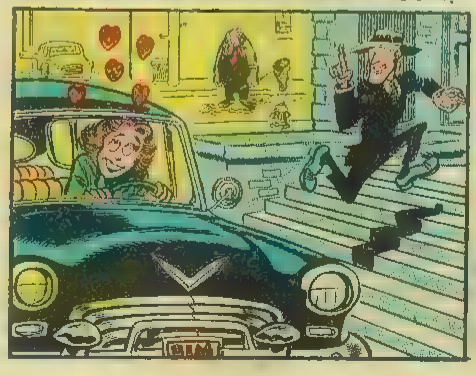
THEN THERE WERE THE YACHTING TRIPS WITH THE COOL WET KISSES OF THE CARIBBEAN SEA ON MY HAND!



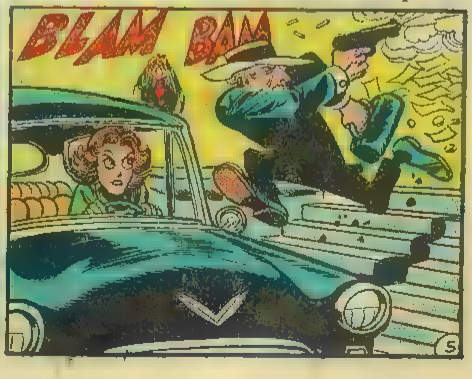
THEN THERE WERE THE NIGHT CLUBS!... WE MADE A HANDSOME COUPLE SIPPING OUR DRINKS! EVERYONE STARED!

...AND THEN... THERE WAS... *LOVE!*...BUT EVERYWHERE, I WAS FOLLOWED BY THE HAUNTING EYES OF SHELDON!

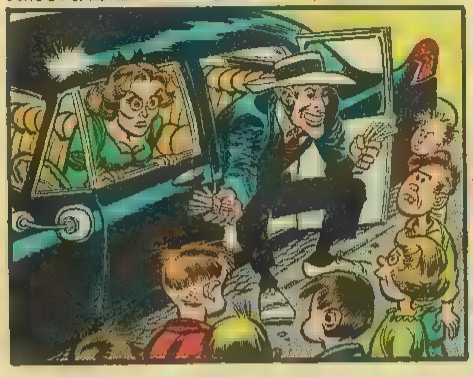
FINALLY, ONE DAY, RACKSTRAW ASKED ME TO ACCOMPANY HIM ON A BUSINESS TRIP! HE TOLD ME HE HAD TO TAKE SOME MONEY OUT OF THE BANK! I WAITED IN THE CAR!



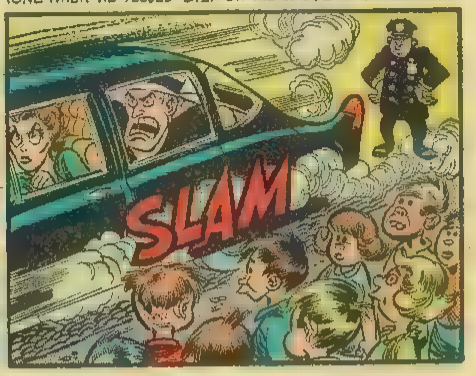
BUT WHEN RACKSTRAW CAME RUNNING OUT OF THE BANK CARRYING A LITTLE BLACK SUITCASE BULGING WITH MONEY, I BECAME SUSPICIOUS! *WHY SHOULD HE* ***RUN?***



I WAS NO FOOL! I NOTICED THESE LITTLE THINGS! LIKE THE TIME RACKSTRAW TOOK ME TO SELL CIGARETTES TO THE SCHOOL CHILDREN!... STRANGE CIGARETTES, CALLED 'REEFERS'!



I NOTICED HOW RACKSTRAW NERVOUSLY PALED WHEN A POLICEMAN APPROACHED US! I NOTICED RACKSTRAW'S FRANTIC TONE WHEN HE YELLED 'STEP ON THE GAS'! ***I WAS NO FOOL!***

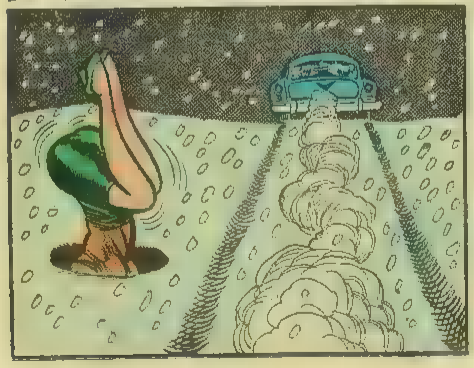


RACKSTRAW WAS UP TO NO GOOD! I COULD TELL, AND I BEGAN TO REGRET OUR RELATIONSHIP! BESIDES...

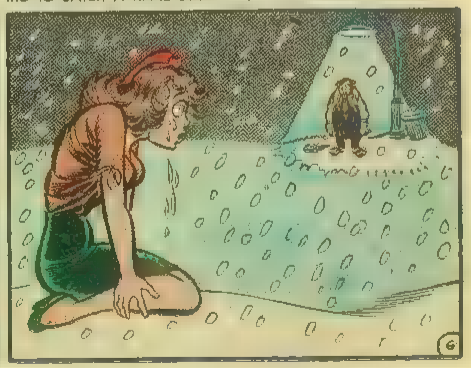
...RACKSTRAW HAD BEGUN TO ACT VERY FRIENDLY TOWARDS OTHER WOMEN! I MUST ADMIT... I WAS JEALOUS!

...BUT WHEN RACKSTRAW ASKED ME TO GO OUT AND SELL RACING FORMS, THIS WAS THAT LAST RACK-***STRAW!***

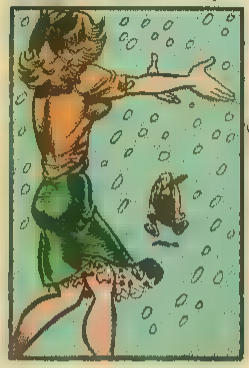
I DECIDED TO LEAVE! I LEFT! AND NOW, I WAS ALONE! THE WIND HOWLED, WHIPPING SNOWFLAKES ABOUT ME! I WAS FREEZING! ***WHAT A FOOL I HAD BEEN!*** I SHOULDNA LEFT!



IT WAS THEN THAT I SAW, FAR DOWN UNDER THE STREET LAMP, WAITING PATIENTLY... HUMBLY... FORGIVINGLY... LOYALLY... WAITING TO CATCH A RARE SPECIES OF NIGHT-FLYING MOTH...



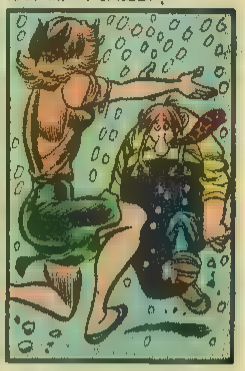
...SHELDON FLOB... WAITING FOR ME! LIKE TWO MAGNETS WE WALKED TO EACH OTHER!



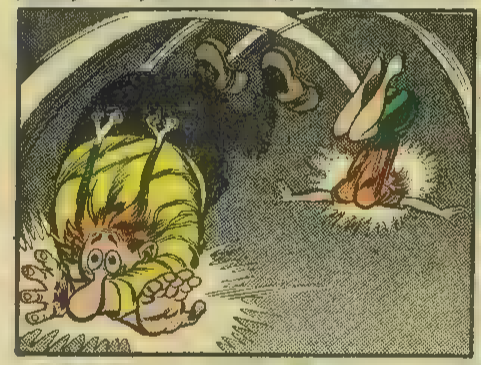
...TWO MAGNETS DRAWN POWERFULLY TOGETHER! NOW WE BEGAN TO TROT!

...TWO MAGNETS STRAINING TO TOUCH, WE TROTTED! NOW WE REACHED A CANTER!

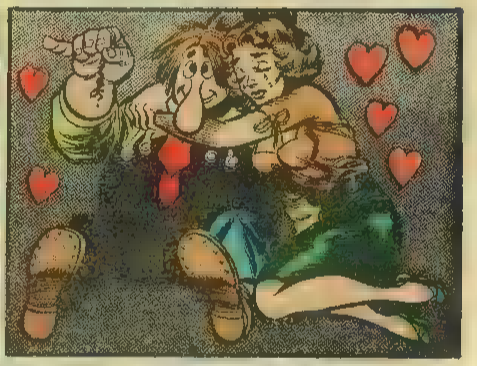
...CANTERED WILDLY TO BE EACH OTHERS ARMS! WE RAN AT A GALLOP!



NOW WE WERE COMING TOGETHER! YARDS! FEET! INCHES! I SHUT MY EYES AND THREW MYSELF RECKLESSLY, MADLY, ECSTATICALLY AT SHELDON!.. AND MISSED!



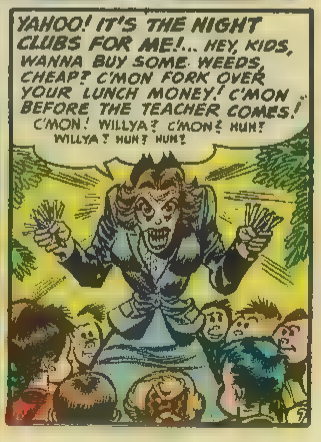
THEN SHELDON HANDED ME A LITTLE MASHED BUTTERFLY, AND SUDDENLY, I KNEW THE TRUE VALUES IN LIFE... KNEW THE MEANING OF THE WORD LOVE!



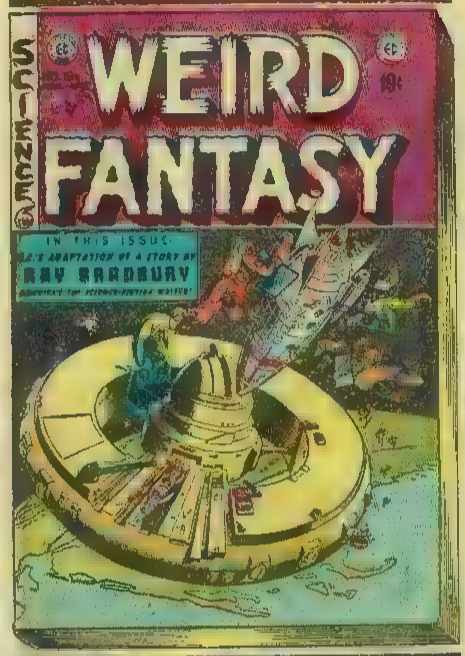
YOU CAN GUESS THE REST OF MY STORY! NOW I AM BACK WITH MY TRUE LOVE! NOW I KNOW WHERE I BELONG!

...BACK HERE ON THE PUBLIC SCHOOL STREET CORNER! BACK THERE WITH... RACK-STRAW... SELLING REEFERS! THINK I WANNA CHASE BUTTERFLIES ALL MY LIFE?

YAHOO! IT'S THE NIGHT CLUBS FOR ME!... HEY, KIDS, WANNA BUY SOME WEEDS, CHEAP? C'MON FORK OVER YOUR LUNCH MONEY! C'MON BEFORE THE TEACHER COMES! C'MON! WILLYA? C'MON? HUH? WILLYA? HUH? HUH?



WE AT E.C. ARE PROUDEST OF OUR SCIENCE FICTION MAGAZINES! LOOK FOR...



LOOK FOR THESE SEALS WHEN YOU BUY!

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THE PAROLE

Tumblers Tympannus was cultivating a rock garden under government supervision at San Quentibus when Roman Counterspy Tiberius O'Leary requested the provincial attorney to release him . . . temporarily.

Tiberius conferred with the warden of the Roman penitentiary!

"There's been a daylight robbery at the Bank of Centurions! Nails Mellitus and his pueri (boys) walked in with innocent-looking lyre cases. They said they were going to supply the music at a special celebration for the burning of an FHA mortgage! Then they pulled javelins out of the cases and forced the bank president to open the vault. They packed all the pecuniae (money) that would fit into the instrument cases and locked the president inside the vault. He'll suffocate in there! He's the only one who knows the combination!!"

Just then, Tumblers Tympannus was ushered into the warden's office between two guards. Tumblers was dressed in a striped toga.

"This is prisoner VCMXI, the most notorious safe-cracker in all Rome!"

"Honest, Warden! I was going straight! I just pulled that last job to buy birthday presents for my twins, Billy and Jimmy! Billy wanted a jimmy . . . and Jimmy wanted a billy!!"

"I hear that you have forty-five years left to serve of your forty-five year and one month sentence. How would you like a chance at a parole?", asked Tiberius.

"Chee, that would be most fortuitous!!", exclaimed the safe-cracker.

• • • • •

Soon, Tumblers Tympannus and Tiberius

O'Leary were standing before the great vault. They could hear the trapped bank president breathing heavily inside. Well, at least he was still breathing!

Tumblers began to apply a coarse piece of sandpaper to his fingertips to make them more sensitive. Only then did Tiberius notice that the safe-cracker's fingertips began *below* the first joints. Masterfully, Tumblers placed his left ear against the huge lock and began twisting the dials.

"Let's see! Think I'll try Northside 7-7-7!"

Immediately, there was a resounding click of metal sliding into place and the massive door was pushed open from the inside. The liberated bank president galloped out of the bare vault with a toga-full of the remaining money. He ran out of the aedificium (building), down the Avenue of the Provinces (formerly 6th Avenue) and out of sight.

"Well, *I* opened the door and freed him! Do I get my parole now, Mr. O'Leary?"

"*You* freed him, all right! In fact, *you* let him escape! That makes *you* an *'accessory to the fact'* (sorry, don't know the Latin for that phrase!). *You'll* serve an additional forty-five anni (years) for *your* part in this crime! But don't despair!! Maybe you'll have a crack at a parole again . . . sometime!"

"No, thanks! Don't bother!!" replied the disillusioned Tumblers.

Now Tumblers Tympannus is back in San Quentibus where he's writing a book of his memoirs entitled, "My Six Convictions"! It will be bound in a sandpaper cover, extra-heavy grain. Look for it on sale soon at your local hardware store!

Meanwhile, at the end of the rainbow lies happiness . . . and at the end of the Roman sewer system, Nails Mellitus and his gang are counting denarii! And the absconding bank president . . . he's flown to Mexico City!

Won't *be* be surprised! There isn't any Mexico City . . . yet!!

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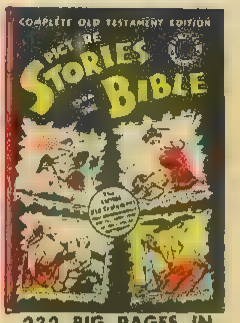

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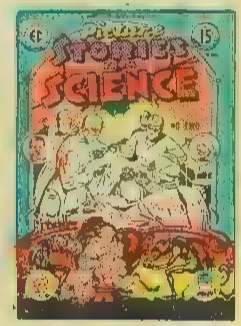

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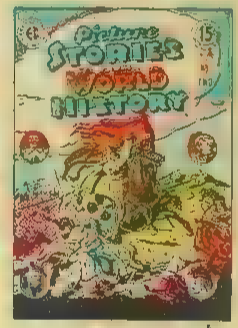

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LET'S DEPLORE YOUR MIND

Editor's Note: This column represents the sober side of Mad. We have prevailed upon the eminent Prof. Cosmo McMoon, of Common Knowledge College, to act as consultant and adviser to our poor confused readers.

Dear Dr. McMoon,

Do you believe that the present maniac-depressive element in modern literary trends (e.g. Mickey Spillane) is due to the retreat of a suppressed libido into the realm of ultra-conscious mysticism, which has resulted in the atavistic reversion to heros motivated by so-called base impulses (the arch-type of Kant and Krafft-Ebbing), as an unconscious reverse pendulum swing in protest to Victorian romanticism?

Your abstruse student,
J. Remington Seaworthy

My dear Mr. Abstruse,

This may be true in extreme cases but not all the time.

Yours for clearer concepts,
Cosmo McMoon, Ph.D.

Dear Prof. McMoon,

Recently, I was examined by a psychiatrist who succeeded in removing a 'mental block' which existed in my subconscious since childhood! From the depths of my mental maelstrom he brought forth the cause of my *inferiority complex.* When I was a cherub of one and a half, my doting parents bought me a stuffed panda doll . . . three times larger than myself! Naturally, it was quite difficult for me to carry this toy about at this tender age. Dragging it by the ear from room to room completely enervated me! I soon became sullen and morose. The panda doll became a symbol of defeat!

To this day, at the age of twenty-five, I rarely undertake *anything* . . . being so afraid of failure! As a result I am out of work!! How am I ever going to raise enough money to have my poor little moth-ridden panda dry-cleaned and simonized?

A. Distraught Bumm

Dear Distraught,

Send the panda out to work!

Cosmo McMoon

Dear Cosmo McMoon,

I am a man burning with the fire of ambition . . . but I can't hold a job! I have had 321 positions in the past year, including 27 of the least-occupied occupations! I had one very responsible position as captain of the Anita Bella Donna, a dependable little garbage scow. Well, one day we were loaded up and headed for the deepest spot in New York harbor where we were to dump our cargo. The fog was thicker than pea-soup that morning . . . so maybe that's why we found ourselves cruising the Nile three weeks later! (We must have taken the wrong turn at the Battery.)

At first, curious Egyptians lined the banks of the river but were repelled by the fermenting grapefruit rinds in our mouldy hold. To jettison our cargo in the Nile would constitute an 'international incident' . . . so we headed back toward the States. In mid-Atlantic, I jumped ship and swam to shore at Sandy Hook.

Then I got a job as a sky-writing pilot! But I soon lost this job, too, for spelling Serutan backwards!

Yours in desperate supplication;
Oxo Radar

My dear Oxo,

You shouldn't have any trouble spelling your name!

Cosmo McMoon

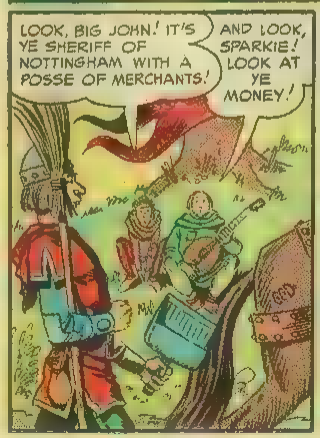
HYSTERICAL HISTORICAL DEPT.: COME YE BACK TO YE DAYS OF YORE! COME YE BACK TO YE MERRY ENGLAND! COME YE BACK TO YE DAYS WHEN MINSTRELS SANG IN YE FORESTS OF NOTTINGHAM! COME YE BACK TO MANDALAY WHERE YE FLYING FISHES PLAY! COME YE BACK TO YE DAYS OF...

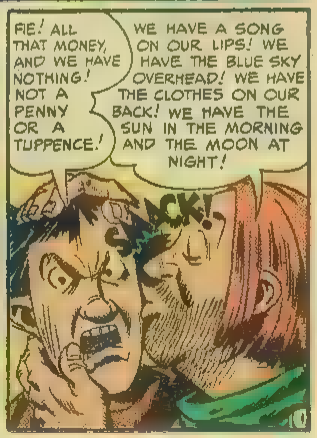
ROBIN HOOD!

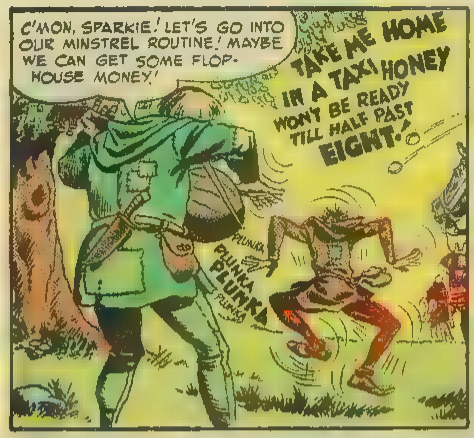
IT TAKES TWO TA TANGO...

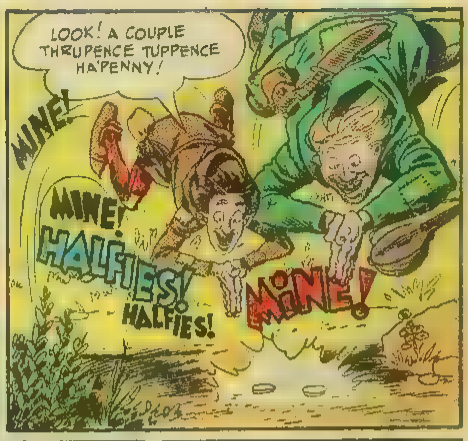
YE GREEN WOOD

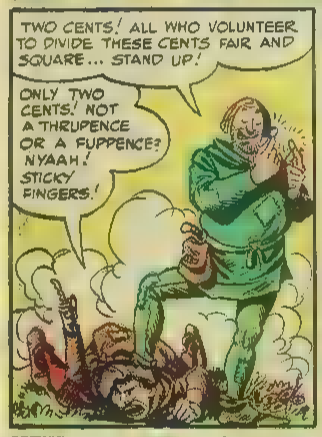
J. J. VERIN



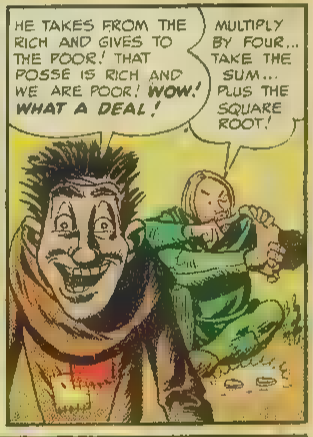


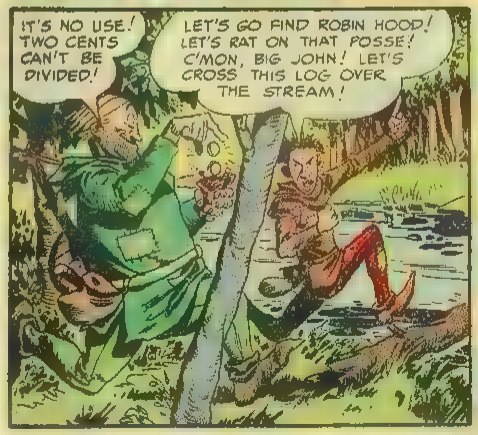

C'MON, SPARKIE! LET'S GO INTO OUR MINSTREL ROUTINE! MAYBE WE CAN GET SOME FLOP-HOUSE MONEY!
TAKE ME HOME IN A TAXI HONEY WON'T BE READY TILL HALF PAST EIGHT!
PLUNKA PLUNKA

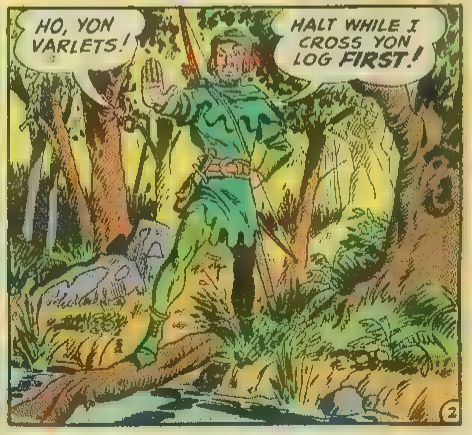

LOOK! A COUPLE THRUPENCE TUPPENCE HA'PENNY!
MINE!
MINE!
HALFIES!
HALFIES!
MINE!

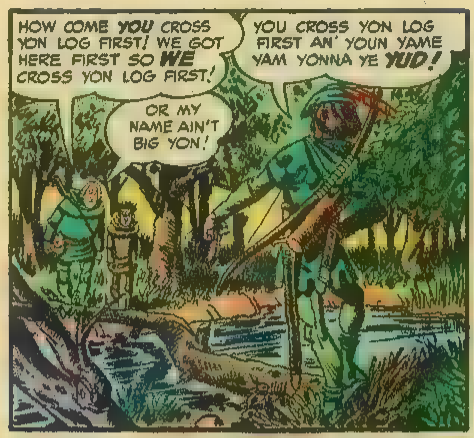

TWO CENTS! ALL WHO VOLUNTEER TO DIVIDE THESE CENTS FAIR AND SQUARE... STAND UP!
ONLY TWO CENTS! NOT A THRUPENCE OR A FUPPENCE? NYAAH! STICKY FINGERS!

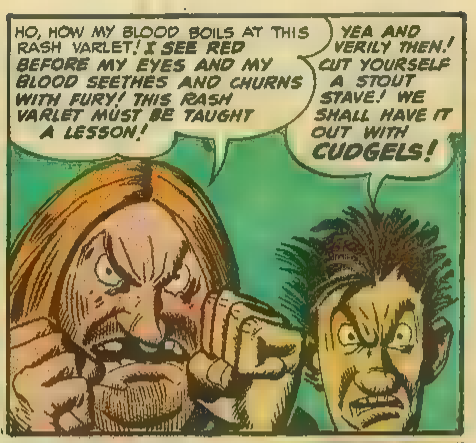
SAY! I'VE GOT AN IDEA! DID YOU EVER HEAR OF ROBIN HOOD?
...DIVIDE TWO CENTS! LEMME SEE... TWO INTO TWO... CARRY THE ONE...

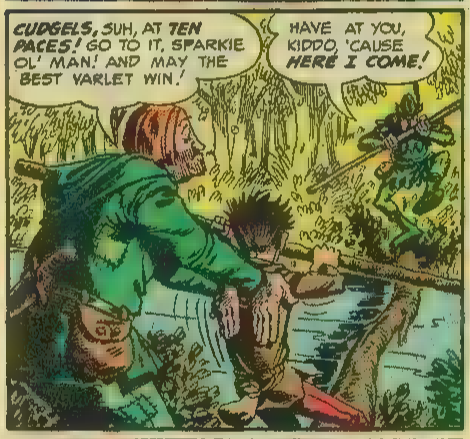

HE TAKES FROM THE RICH AND GIVES TO THE POOR! THAT POSSE IS RICH AND WE ARE POOR! WOW! WHAT A DEAL!
MULTIPLY BY FOUR... TAKE THE SUM... PLUS THE SQUARE ROOT!

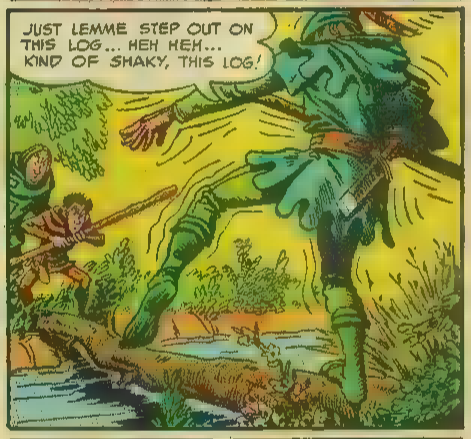

IT'S NO USE! TWO CENTS CAN'T BE DIVIDED!
LET'S GO FIND ROBIN HOOD! LET'S RAT ON THAT POSSE! C'MON, BIG JOHN! LET'S CROSS THIS LOG OVER THE STREAM!


HO, YON VARLETS!
HALT WHILE I CROSS YON LOG FIRST!


HOW COME YOU CROSS YON LOG FIRST! WE GOT HERE FIRST SO WE CROSS YON LOG FIRST!
YOU CROSS YON LOG FIRST AN' YOUN YAME YAM YONNA YE YUD!
OR MY NAME AIN'T BIG YON!


HO, HOW MY BLOOD BOILS AT THIS RASH VARLET! I SEE RED BEFORE MY EYES AND MY BLOOD SEETHES AND CHURNS WITH FURY! THIS RASH VARLET MUST BE TAUGHT A LESSON!
YEA AND VERILY THEN! CUT YOURSELF A STOUT STAVE! WE SHALL HAVE IT OUT WITH CUDGELS!


CUDGELS, SUH, AT TEN PACES! GO TO IT, SPARKIE OL' MAN! AND MAY THE BEST VARLET WIN!
HAVE AT YOU, KIDDO, 'CAUSE HERE I COME!

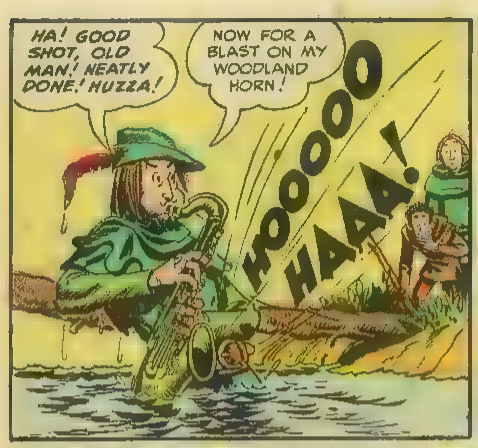

JUST LEMME STEP OUT ON THIS LOG... HEH HEH... KIND OF SHAKY, THIS LOG!

OOP!
OOP! OOP!

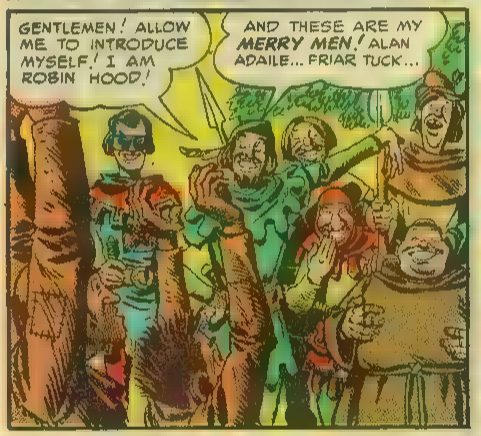
OOP! OOP! OOP!
OOP OOP OOP OOP!

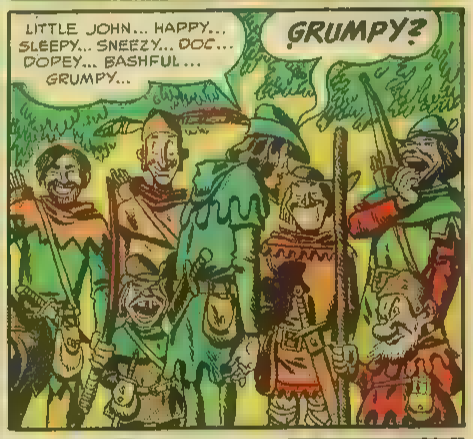
OOP OOP OOP OOP!
WOOP! WOOP!

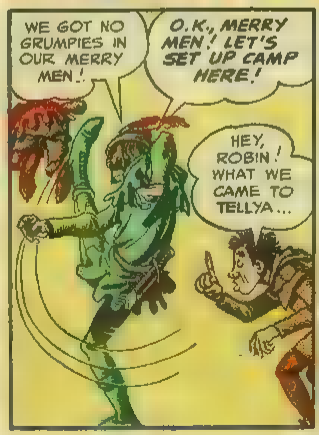
WOOP WOOP WOOP WOOP!
SPLOSH


HA! GOOD SHOT, OLD MAN! NEATLY DONE! HUZZA!
NOW FOR A BLAST ON MY WOODLAND HORN!
HOOOOO HAAA!

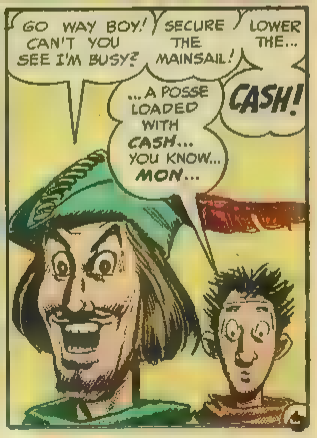
HA HA!
HA HA!
HO HO! HAH!
HA HA!
ONE WAY
HYA!
HEH HEH!
HEE HEE!


GENTLEMEN! ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE MYSELF! I AM ROBIN HOOD!
AND THESE ARE MY MERRY MEN! ALAN ADAILE... FRIAR TUCK...

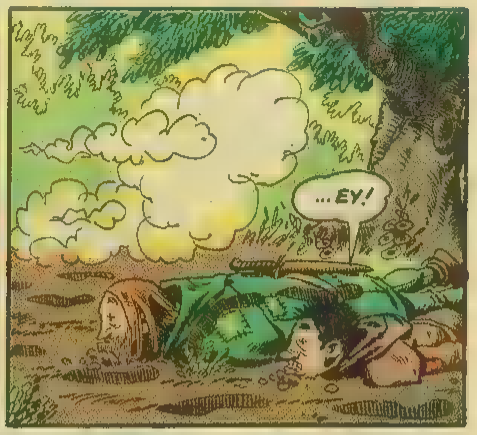

LITTLE JOHN... HAPPY... SLEEPY... SNEEZY... DOC... DOPEY... BASHFUL... GRUMPY...
GRUMPY?

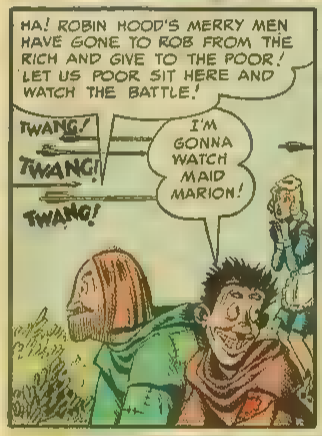

WE GOT NO GRUMPIES IN OUR MERRY MEN!
O.K., MERRY MEN! LET'S SET UP CAMP HERE!
HEY, ROBIN! WHAT WE CAME TO TELLYA...

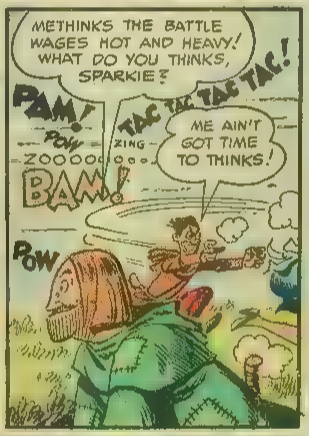
MAID MARION! HAND OUT FRESH LINEN! THEN BRING ME A MARTINI!
LOWER THE JIB! BATTEN THE HATCHES!
HEY, ROBIN! WE CAME TO TELL YOU ABOUT POSSE...

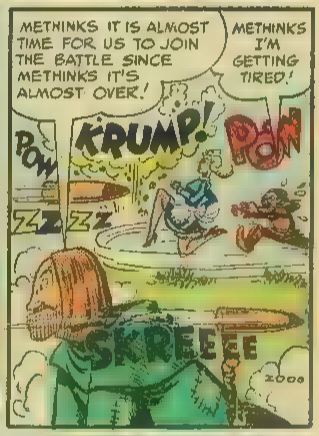

GO WAY BOY! CAN'T YOU SEE I'M BUSY?
SECURE THE MAINSAIL!
LOWER THE...
...A POSSE LOADED WITH CASH... YOU KNOW... MON...
CASH!

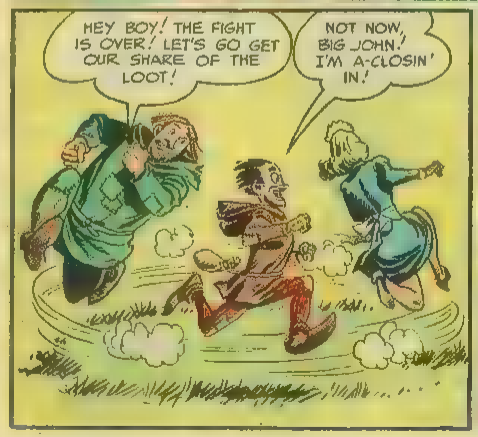
HOO-HOOO HAH!

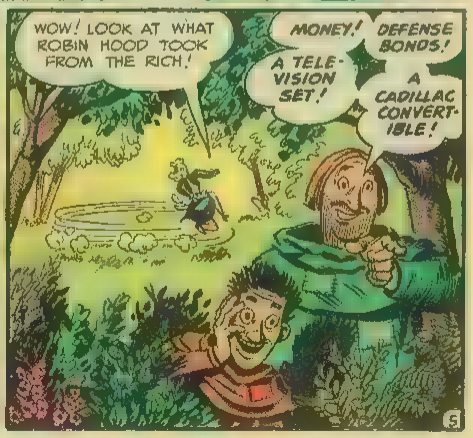

...EY!

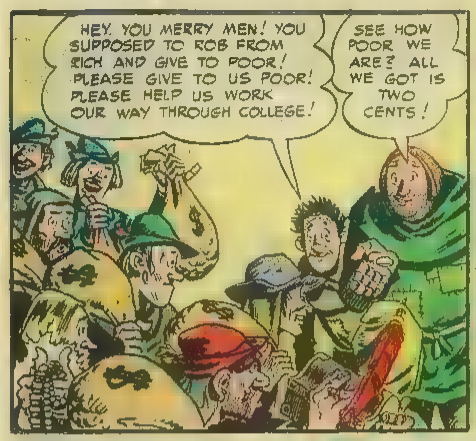

HA! ROBIN HOOD'S MERRY MEN HAVE GONE TO ROB FROM THE RICH AND GIVE TO THE POOR! LET US POOR SIT HERE AND WATCH THE BATTLE!
TWANG!
TWANG!
TWANG!
I'M GONNA WATCH MAID MARION!

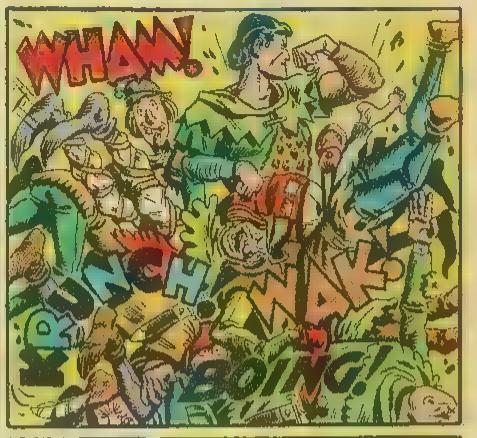

METHINKS THE BATTLE WAGES HOT AND HEAVY! WHAT DO YOU THINKS, SPARKIE?
PAM!
POW
ZOOOO
TAC TAC TAC TAC!
ZING
BAM!
POW
ME AIN'T GOT TIME TO THINKS!

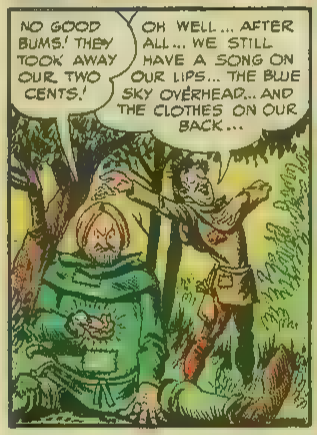

METHINKS IT IS ALMOST TIME FOR US TO JOIN THE BATTLE SINCE METHINKS IT'S ALMOST OVER!
METHINKS I'M GETTING TIRED!
POW
KRUMP!
POW
ZZZZZ
SKREEEE
ZOOO


HEY BOY! THE FIGHT IS OVER! LET'S GO GET OUR SHARE OF THE LOOT!
NOT NOW, BIG JOHN! I'M A-CLOSIN' IN!

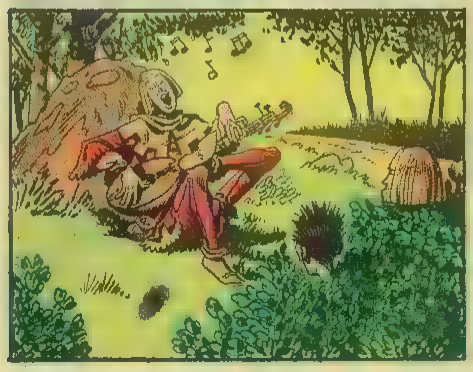

WOW! LOOK AT WHAT ROBIN HOOD TOOK FROM THE RICH!
MONEY!
DEFENSE BONDS!
A TELE-VISION SET!
A CADILLAC CONVERT-IBLE!



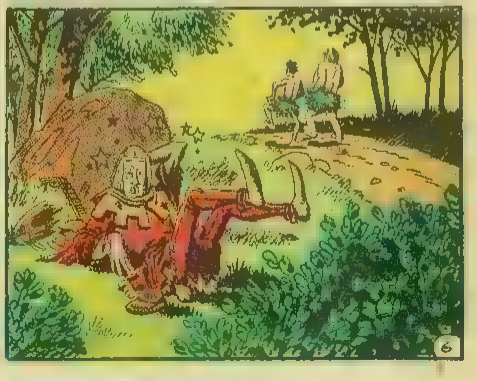




GO YE AWAY FROM THE DAYS OF YORE! GO YE AWAY FROM MERRY ENGLAND! GO YE AWAY FROM YE DAYS WHEN YE MINSTRELS SANG ■ YE FORESTS!



YE MINSTRELS NO LONGER HAVE A SONG... AND YE SKY IS NO LONGER BLUE! AN' YE MORAL TO YE STORY IS... NEVER TRUST A CROOK, EVEN IF IT'S ROBIN HOOD!



CRIME DEPT.: LAMONT SHADOWSKEEDEEBOOMBOOM, WEALTHY YOUNG MAN ABOUT TOWN, HAS LONG AGO IN THE ORIENT LEARNED A SECRET HYPNOTIC POWER TO CLOUD MEN'S MINDS! HIS FRIEND AND COMPANION, MARGO PAIN, IS THE ONLY PERSON WHO KNOWS TO WHOM THE VOICE OF THE INVISIBLE SHADOWSKEEDEEBOOMBOOM BELONGS! MARGO CALLS HIM, FOR SHORT...

SHADOW!

ELDER

I, AM MARGO PAIN... FRIEND AND COMPANION!

KEFAUVER CRIME COMMITTEE

NOW OUT - CHLOROPHYL WHISKEY

FAMILY ENTRANCE

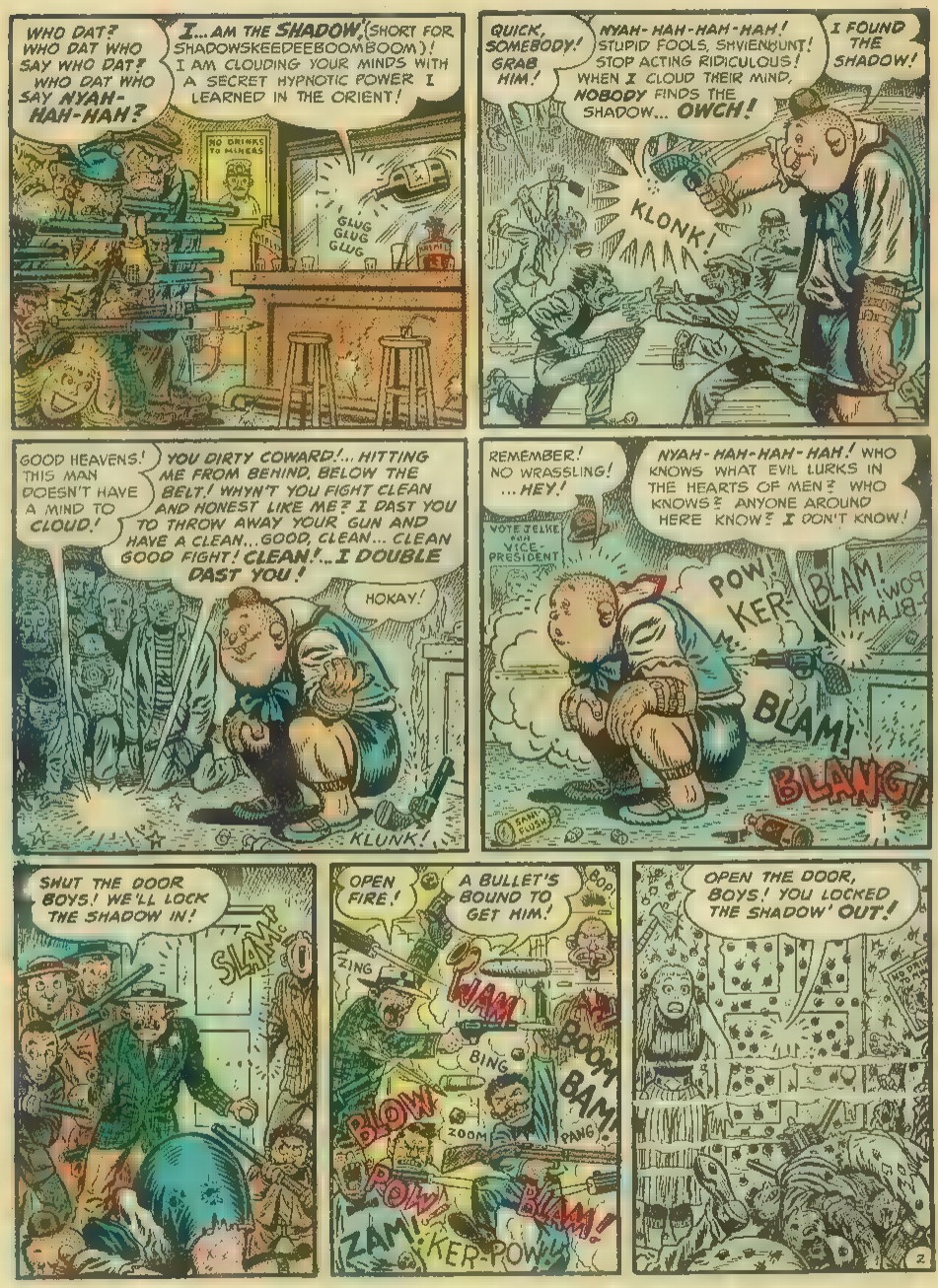
JUST DON'T MESS AROUND WITH ME, BOYS, 'CAUSE I'M THE ONLY PERSON WHO KNOWS TO WHOM THE VOICE OF THE INVISIBLE SHADOWSKEEDEEBOOMBOOM BELONGS!

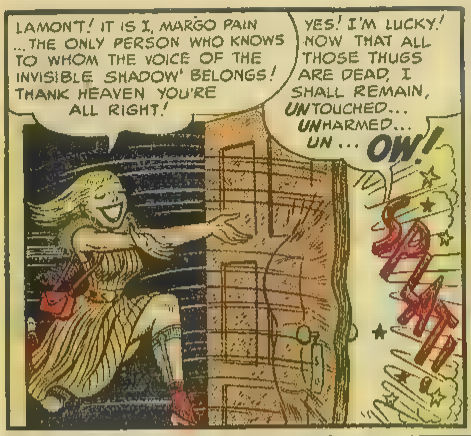
I'M LOOKING FOR THIS GUY, SEE! COMPLETELY INVISIBLE, SEE!... IMPOSSIBLE TO DETECT, SEE, WITH THE NAKED EYE, SEE!

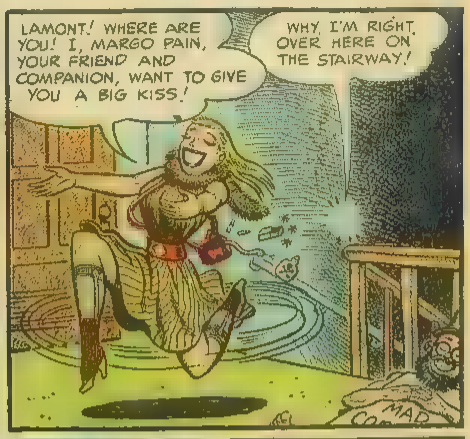
...ANY YOU GUYS SEEN HIM?

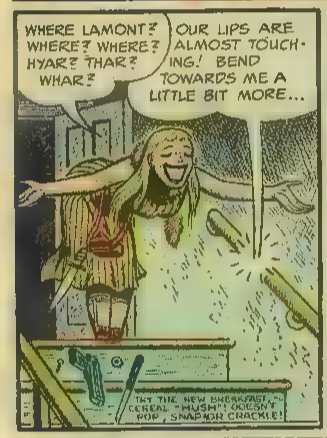
A FRIEND AND COMPANION OF THE SHADOW IS NO FRIEND OF OURS!

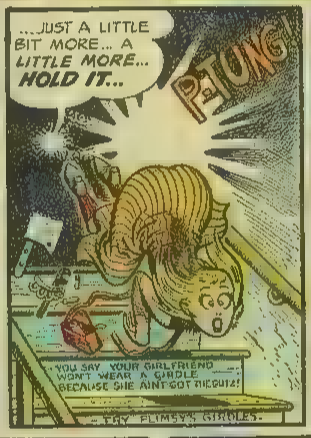
NYAH-HAH-HAH-HAH!

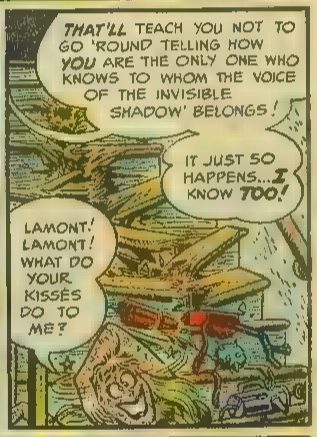

WHO DAT? WHO DAT WHO SAY WHO DAT? WHO DAT WHO SAY NYAH-HAH-HAH?
I... AM THE SHADOW, (SHORT FOR SHADOWSKEEDEEBOOMBOOM)! I AM CLOUDING YOUR MINDS WITH A SECRET HYPNOTIC POWER I LEARNED IN THE ORIENT!
NO DRINKS TO MINERS
GLUG GLUG GLUG
QUICK, SOMEBODY! GRAB HIM!
NYAH-HAH-HAH-HAH! STUPID FOOLS, SHVIENHUNT! STOP ACTING RIDICULOUS! WHEN I CLOUD THEIR MIND, NOBODY FINDS THE SHADOW... OWCH!
I FOUND THE SHADOW!
KLONK!
GOOD HEAVENS! THIS MAN DOESN'T HAVE A MIND TO CLOUD!
YOU DIRTY COWARD!... HITTING ME FROM BEHIND, BELOW THE BELT! WHYN'T YOU FIGHT CLEAN AND HONEST LIKE ME? I DAST YOU TO THROW AWAY YOUR GUN AND HAVE A CLEAN... GOOD, CLEAN... CLEAN GOOD FIGHT! CLEAN!... I DOUBLE DAST YOU!
HOKAY!
KLUNK!
REMEMBER! NO WRASSLING! ...HEY!
NYAH-HAH-HAH-HAH! WHO KNOWS WHAT EVIL LURKS IN THE HEARTS OF MEN? WHO KNOWS? ANYONE AROUND HERE KNOW? I DON'T KNOW!
VOTE JELKE FOR VICE-PRESIDENT
POW! KER-
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLANG!
SAM FOUSH
SHUT THE DOOR BOYS! WE'LL LOCK THE SHADOW IN!
SLAM!
OPEN FIRE!
A BULLET'S BOUND TO GET HIM!
BOP!
ZING
WAM
BOOM
BING
BAM!
BLOW
ZOOM
PANG
POW!
BLAM!
ZAM!
KER-POW!
OPEN THE DOOR, BOYS! YOU LOCKED THE SHADOW' OUT!
NO DRINKS TO MINERS
2

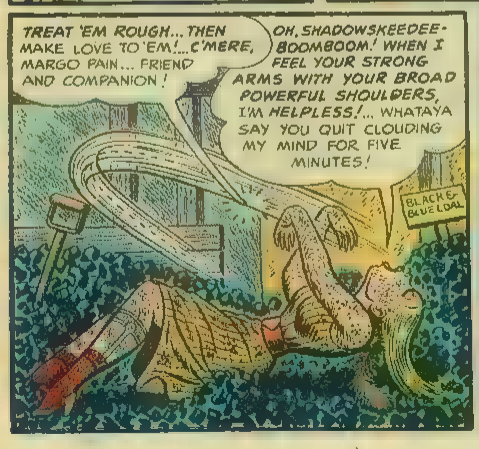

LAMONT! IT IS I, MARGO PAIN ...THE ONLY PERSON WHO KNOWS TO WHOM THE VOICE OF THE INVISIBLE SHADOW' BELONGS! THANK HEAVEN YOU'RE ALL RIGHT!
YES! I'M LUCKY! NOW THAT ALL THOSE THUGS ARE DEAD, I SHALL REMAIN, UNTOUCHED... UNHARMED... UN... OW!

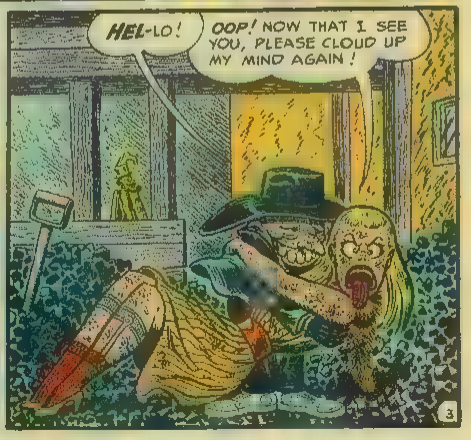

LAMONT! WHERE ARE YOU! I, MARGO PAIN, YOUR FRIEND AND COMPANION, WANT TO GIVE YOU A BIG KISS!
WHY, I'M RIGHT OVER HERE ON THE STAIRWAY!

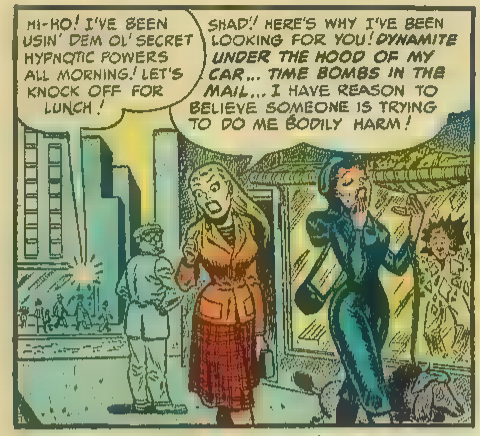

WHERE LAMONT? WHERE? WHERE? HYAR? THAR? WHAR?
OUR LIPS ARE ALMOST TOUCHING! BEND TOWARDS ME A LITTLE BIT MORE...
TRY THE NEW BREAKFAST CEREAL "HUSH"! DOESN'T POP, SNAP OR CRACKLE!

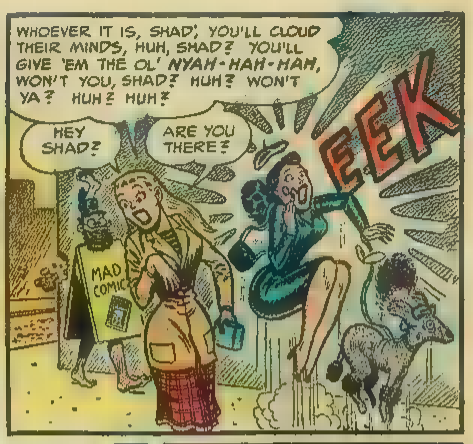

...JUST A LITTLE BIT MORE... A LITTLE MORE... HOLD IT...
PTONG
YOU SAY YOUR GIRLFRIEND WON'T WEAR A GIRDLE BECAUSE SHE AIN'T GOT THE GUTS!
TRY FLIMSY'S GIRDLES.

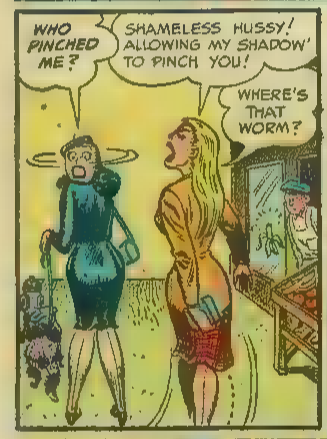

THAT'LL TEACH YOU NOT TO GO 'ROUND TELLING HOW YOU ARE THE ONLY ONE WHO KNOWS TO WHOM THE VOICE OF THE INVISIBLE SHADOW' BELONGS!
IT JUST SO HAPPENS... I KNOW TOO!
LAMONT! LAMONT! WHAT DO YOUR KISSES DO TO ME?


TREAT 'EM ROUGH... THEN MAKE LOVE TO 'EM!... C'MERE, MARGO PAIN... FRIEND AND COMPANION!
OH, SHADOWSKEEDEE-BOOMBOOM! WHEN I FEEL YOUR STRONG ARMS WITH YOUR BROAD POWERFUL SHOULDERS, I'M HELPLESS!... WHATAYA SAY YOU QUIT CLOUDING MY MIND FOR FIVE MINUTES!
BLACK & BLUE LOAF

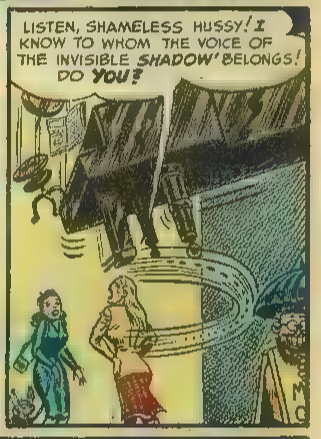

HEL-LO!
OOP! NOW THAT I SEE YOU, PLEASE CLOUD UP MY MIND AGAIN!

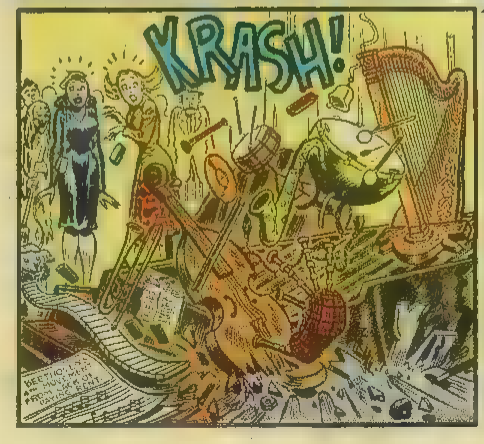

HI-HO! I'VE BEEN USIN' DEM OL' SECRET HYPNOTIC POWERS ALL MORNING! LET'S KNOCK OFF FOR LUNCH!
SHAD! HERE'S WHY I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU! DYNAMITE UNDER THE HOOD OF MY CAR... TIME BOMBS IN THE MAIL... I HAVE REASON TO BELIEVE SOMEONE IS TRYING TO DO ME BODILY HARM!

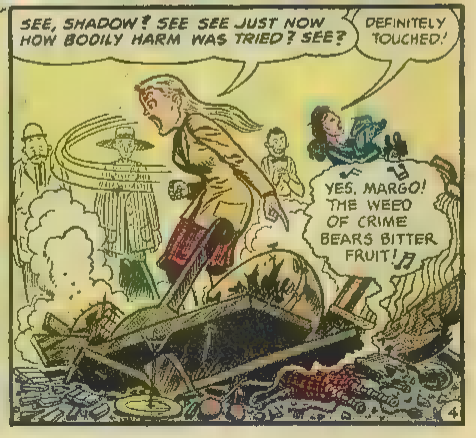

WHOEVER IT IS, SHAD, YOU'LL CLOUD THEIR MINDS, HUH, SHAD? YOU'LL GIVE 'EM THE OL' NYAH-HAH-HAH, WON'T YOU, SHAD? HUH? WON'T YA? HUH? HUH?
HEY SHAD?
ARE YOU THERE?
EEK
MAD COMIC

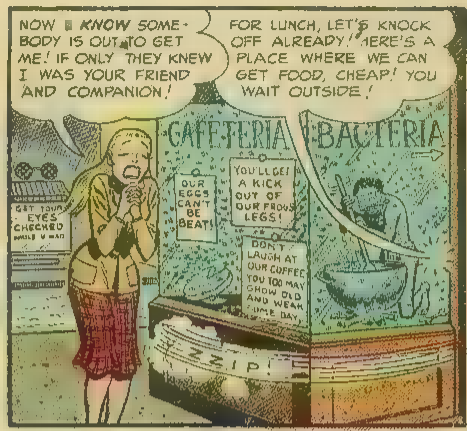

WHO PINCHED ME?
SHAMELESS HUSSY! ALLOWING MY SHADOW TO PINCH YOU!
WHERE'S THAT WORM?

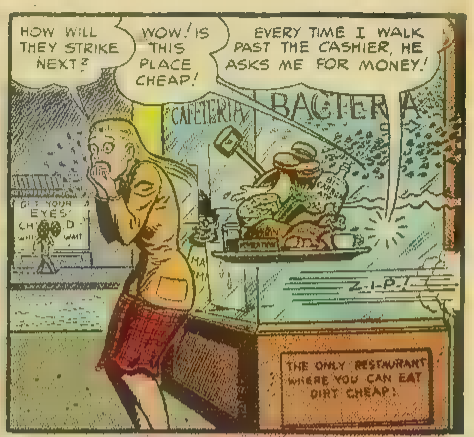
TOUCHED IN THE HEAD!
WHAT'S SHE GOT THAT I AIN'T GOT? I'M THE BEST!
OW!
YOW!
OW OW!
LEGGO!
OW!


LISTEN, SHAMELESS HUSSY! I KNOW TO WHOM THE VOICE OF THE INVISIBLE SHADOW BELONGS! DO YOU?

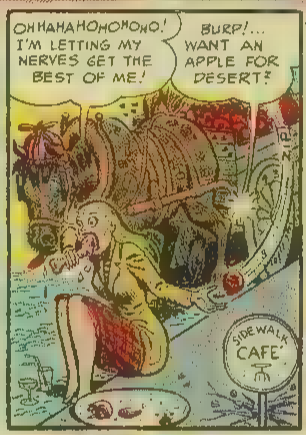

KRASH!

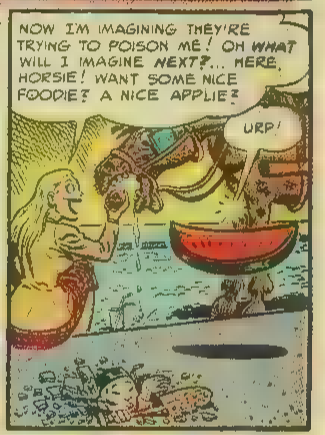

SEE, SHADOW? SEE SEE JUST NOW HOW BODILY HARM WAS TRIED? SEE?
DEFINITELY TOUCHED!
YES, MARGO! THE WEED OF CRIME BEARS BITTER FRUIT!

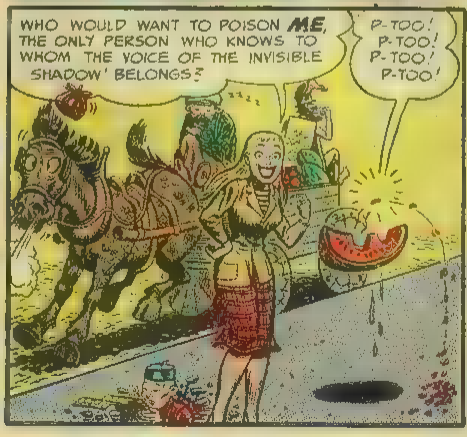

NOW I KNOW SOMEBODY IS OUT TO GET ME! IF ONLY THEY KNEW I WAS YOUR FRIEND AND COMPANION!
FOR LUNCH, LET'S KNOCK OFF ALREADY! HERE'S A PLACE WHERE WE CAN GET FOOD, CHEAP! YOU WAIT OUTSIDE!
CAFETERIA
BACTERIA
GET YOUR EYES CHECKED WHILE U WAIT
OUR EGGS CAN'T BE BEAT!
YOU'LL GET A KICK OUT OF OUR FROG'S LEGS!
DON'T LAUGH AT OUR COFFEE YOU TOO MAY GROW OLD AND WEAK LIKE DAY.
ZIP!

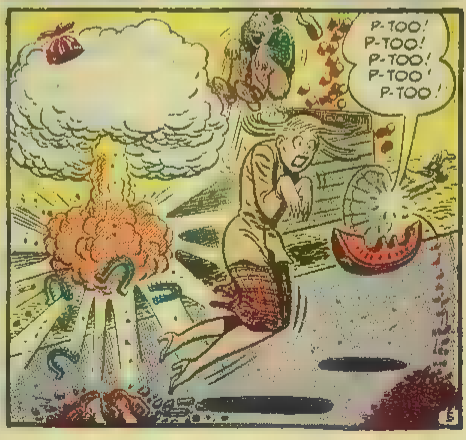

HOW WILL THEY STRIKE NEXT?
WOW! IS THIS PLACE CHEAP!
EVERY TIME I WALK PAST THE CASHIER, HE ASKS ME FOR MONEY!
CAFETERIA
BACTERIA
GET YOUR EYES CHECKED WHILE U WAIT
ZIP!
THE ONLY RESTAURANT WHERE YOU CAN EAT DIRT CHEAP!

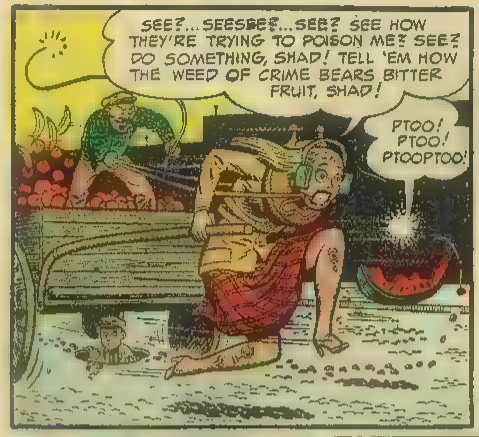
HOW WILL THEY TRY TO KILL ME? A BULLET? GAS? P-P-POISON?
MMP! CHOMP! FORGOT THE KETCHUP!
CAFET
ZIP!
ZIP!

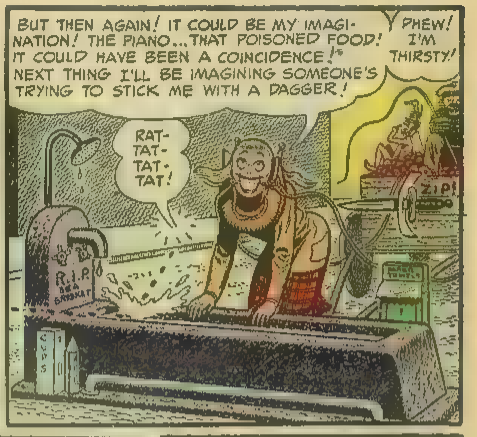

OHHAHAHOHOHOHO! I'M LETTING MY NERVES GET THE BEST OF ME!
BURP!... WANT AN APPLE FOR DESERT?
SIDEWALK CAFE


NOW I'M IMAGINING THEY'RE TRYING TO POISON ME! OH WHAT WILL I IMAGINE NEXT?... HERE, HORSIE! WANT SOME NICE FOODIE? A NICE APPLIE?
URP!

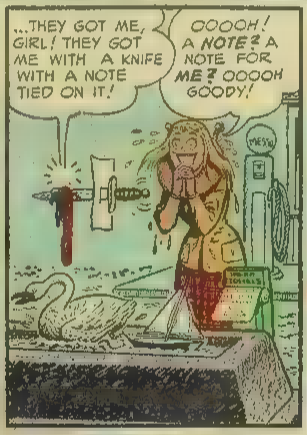

WHO WOULD WANT TO POISON ME, THE ONLY PERSON WHO KNOWS TO WHOM THE VOICE OF THE INVISIBLE SHADOW BELONGS?
P-TOO! P-TOO! P-TOO! P-TOO!

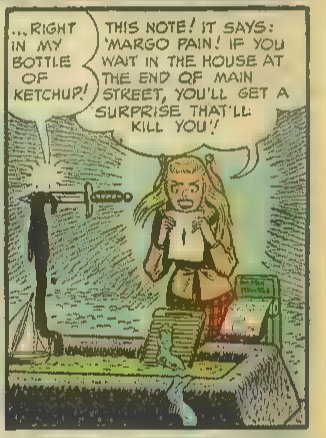

P-TOO! P-TOO! P-TOO! P-TOO! P-TOO!

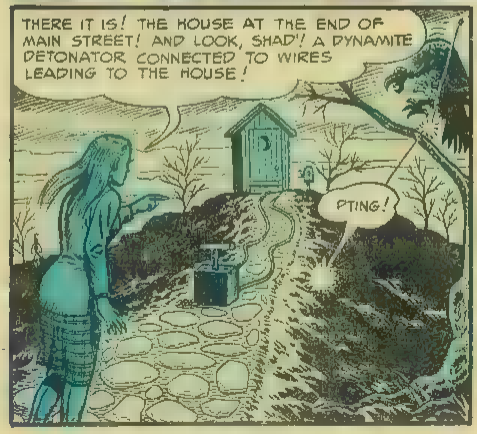

SEE?...SEESEE?...SEE? SEE HOW THEY'RE TRYING TO POISON ME? SEE? DO SOMETHING, SHAD! TELL 'EM HOW THE WEED OF CRIME BEARS BITTER FRUIT, SHAD!
PTOO! PTOO! PTOOPTOO!

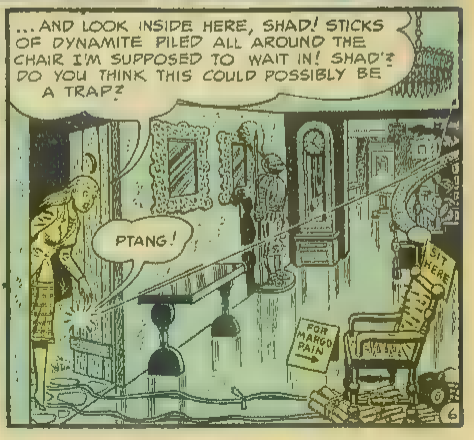

BUT THEN AGAIN! IT COULD BE MY IMAGINATION! THE PIANO...THAT POISONED FOOD! IT COULD HAVE BEEN A COINCIDENCE! NEXT THING I'LL BE IMAGINING SOMEONE'S TRYING TO STICK ME WITH A DAGGER!
PHEW! I'M THIRSTY!
RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT!
ZIP!
R.I.P.

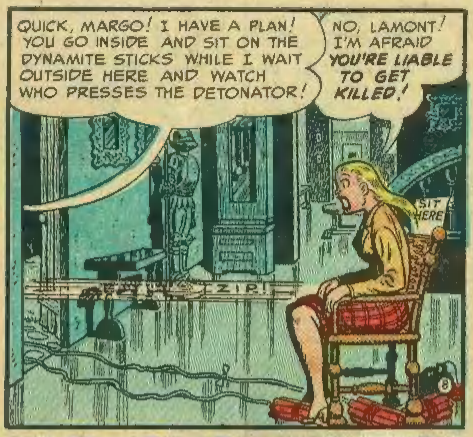
UGH!
THUNK!
EAT & GET GAS

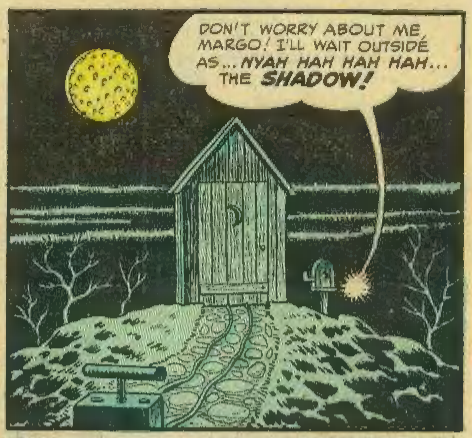

...THEY GOT ME, GIRL! THEY GOT ME WITH A KNIFE WITH A NOTE TIED ON IT!
OOOOH! A NOTE? A NOTE FOR ME? OOOOH GOODY!


...RIGHT IN MY BOTTLE OF KETCHUP!
THIS NOTE! IT SAYS: 'MARGO PAIN! IF YOU WAIT IN THE HOUSE AT THE END OF MAIN STREET, YOU'LL GET A SURPRISE THAT'LL KILL YOU'!


THERE IT IS! THE HOUSE AT THE END OF MAIN STREET! AND LOOK, SHAD'! A DYNAMITE DETONATOR CONNECTED TO WIRES LEADING TO THE HOUSE!
PTING!


...AND LOOK INSIDE HERE, SHAD! STICKS OF DYNAMITE PILED ALL AROUND THE CHAIR I'M SUPPOSED TO WAIT IN! SHAD'? DO YOU THINK THIS COULD POSSIBLY BE A TRAP?
PTANG!
SIT HERE
FOR MARGO PAIN
6


QUICK, MARGO! I HAVE A PLAN! YOU GO INSIDE AND SIT ON THE DYNAMITE STICKS WHILE I WAIT OUTSIDE HERE AND WATCH WHO PRESSES THE DETONATOR!
NO, LAMONT! I'M AFRAID YOU'RE LIABLE TO GET KILLED!
SIT HERE
ZIP!


DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME, MARGO! I'LL WAIT OUTSIDE AS... NYAH HAH HAH HAH... THE SHADOW!

VA-VA-VA-
VOOM!

I AM LAMONT SHADOWSKEEDEE-BOOMBOOM, WEALTHY YOUNG MAN ABOUT TOWN! LONG AGO IN THE ORIENT, I LEARNED A SECRET HYPNOTIC POWER TO CLOUD MEN'S MINDS!

MY FRIEND AND COMPANION, (SNIFF) MARGO PAIN (SNIFF) WAS THE ONLY PERSON WHO KNEW TO WHOM (SNARF) THE VOICE OF THE INVISIBLE (SOB) SHADOW BELONGS (SNIFF SOB)!

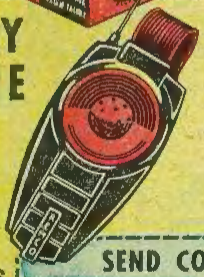
... AND NOW... NOBODY KNOWS TO WHOM THE VOICE OF THE INVISIBLE SHADOW BELONGS! NYAH HAH HAH HAH HAH HAH HAH!

ELECTRONIC WALKIE TALKIES!

MADE BY— REMCO

A REAL TWO-WAY WALKIE TALKIE OUTFIT

- NO BATTERIES NEEDED
- PERMANENT MAGNET POWER
- TWO ELECTRONIC PHONES
- COMPLETE WITH WIRE
- READY TO OPERATE



Buy a set for yourself or "chip-in" with another boy or girl . . . you'll have some real fun with this wonderful Electronic Walkie Talkie. Order yours right now!

TWO COMPLETE PHONES

ONLY $2.98

ORIGINALLY $3.49

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A NEW DISCOVERY

IT'S MAGIC

Instantly removes tarnish from your silverware, during regular dishwashing, and redeposits silver on your silverware at the same time. It can double as a decorative table ornament when not in use.

EASY TO USE

Just place it in the dishpan and add detergent. The Magic Leaf will last for years to come.

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WE PAY POSTAGE

Please send me:

☐ Walkie Talkies - $2.98 a set ($1.00 Enclosed - Bal. C.O.D.)

☐ Magic Leafs - $1.25 each ($1.00 Enclosed - Bal. C.O.D.)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE ____ STATE _____

Hi there, Pal! **Win Some of these 100 Silver Anniversary Prizes!**

I just won **$100.** and this 15" tall Silver Trophy

I just won this **$1,000,000** Body and a Gold Medal!

You Can **Win** All These just as I did in **10** MINUTES OF FUN A DAY!

I GAINED 60 LBS. OF HANDSOME HARD-HITTING MUSCLES!

John Sill NOW

Which of these **2 ME'S is YOU?** that 125 lb.—6 ft. CHICKEN CHESTED **WEAKLING** BELOW WAS ME A FEW SHORT WEEKS AGO

THIS MAY BE YOUR LAST CHANCE TO GET FOR ALL 5 PICTURE PACKED COURSES MILLIONS HAVE BEEN SOLD FOR $1 AND MORE **10¢**

Yes! You still can win $100 and other 25th Anniversary Prizes if you MAIL coupon below NOW. Your success can soon be like mine. A few weeks ago I was a skinny weakling like you. I had no guts to fight for my rights. TODAY everyone admires my champ movie-star build. My **mighty** ARMS. My **heroic** CHEST. My wide **manly** SHOULDERS. My POPULARITY with boys. The way GIRLS go for me—once so girl-shy. My new prowess in SPORTS. My new quickness in STUDIES. My double-energy at work

NO! friend you don't have to be **SKINNY** any more. Just mail **NOW** the **FREE** coupon below as I did. Soon **YOU** can add **7** inches to your **CHEST** **3½** inches to EACH **ARM** and the rest in proportion as I did.

There's that skinny scarecrow JOHN. Let's pass him by!

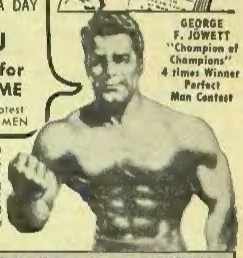
John Sill before

JOHN SILL was a 125 lb. 6 ft. WEAKLING LOOK at him NOW. A MOVIE-STAR HE-MAN from Head to Toe **as YOU can be soon!**

Come On, PAL NOW YOU give me **10** PLEASANT MINUTES A DAY IN YOUR OWN HOME and I'll give **YOU**

A NEW HE-MAN BODY for your OLD SKELETON FRAME

says *George F. Jowett* World's Greatest Builder of HE-MEN



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NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby you are; if you're a teen-ager, in your 20's or 30's or over; if you're short or tall, or what work you do. All I want is JUST 10 EXCITING MINUTES in your home to MAKE YOU OVER by the SAME METHOD I turned myself from a wreck to a Champion of Champions.

YES! You'll see INCH upon INCH of MIGHTY MUSCLE added to YOUR ARMS. Your CHEST deepened. Your BACK AND SHOULDERS broadened. From head to heels, you'll become an ALL-Around, ALL-American HE-MAN WINNER—or my Training won't cost you one solitary cent.

Develop YOUR 520 MUSCLES
Gain Pounds, INCHES, FAST!

After a LIFETIME STUDY of every way known to develop your body I have devised the BEST by TEST, my "5-WAY PROGRESSIVE POWER" the only method that builds you 5-ways fast. You save YEARS, DOLLARS like movie star Tom Tyler did. Like champ John Sill did. Like MANY THOUSANDS like you did. SO Mail coupon NOW!

Mail Coupon in Time for FREE offer and PRIZES!

BOTH *FREE* FOR QUICK ACTION!
1. Photo Book of STRONG MEN
2. MUSCLE METER

Dept. EN 32

Tell Me How To WIN $100, etc.

"Jowett Courses greatest in World for Building All-Around HE-MEN" —R. F. Kelley Physical Director

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NAME ..... AGE .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... ZONE ..... STATE .....

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USED BY U.S. ARMED FORCES

QUICKLY-- EASILY-- RIGHT!

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